

Russia Back in the Fold

The Nation

Vol. CXVIII, No. 3057

FOUNDED 1865

Wednesday, Feb. 6, 1924

Government by Oil

Fall - Denby - Daugherty - Roosevelt - Coolidge

Oil Speaks *by* William Hard
and An Editorial

The Secret Corruption
of the French Press

by Lewis S. Gannett

America in Polynesia

I. Where Sugar Is King

by Padraic Colum

British Labor Celebrates Victory

by H. W. Massingham

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The Children Are in Danger!

WHAT CHILDREN?

What Matter?—They Are CHILDREN!

Draw the boundary lines (of any country) as you please. You can't leave the children out. They are there—on one side or another—**Children.**

In the Germany of today, more than 2,000,000 children are starving. Long years of privation, due to war and its aftermath, have broken down the normal barriers against tuberculosis and other dread diseases, and the defenseless children, always the first to suffer, are falling daily. Read Dr. Haven Emerson's report of what he found there when, in late December and early January, he made a close, unbiased study of the situation.

"Lack of breakfast and often of lunch, lack of shoes, stockings, underclothes and winter coats . . . pallid, listless, thin children . . . fainting, dizziness, headache, inability to study . . . up to 20% sent home from school, unfit to attend. . . ."

Such are some of the phrases we find in Dr. Emerson's report made on his return.

There is no question as to the genuineness of the crisis. There is no question as to the one source of salvation—THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

The only question is—**TO MAKE THE TRUTH KNOWN TO THEM.** America's warm heart can be depended upon to do the rest.

But **HELP MUST COME AT ONCE.** The Quakers are over there, ready to distribute food and medical supplies purchased in America. Major General Henry T. Allen is chairman of a national committee organized to collect these funds. Irving T. Bush heads the New York City Committee. Harvey D. Gibson is treasurer.

(The Nation)

IRVING T. BUSH, Chairman,

New York City Committee for the Relief of German Children, 132 West Forty-second Street, N. Y. C.

Please find enclosed contribution of to be applied for the relief of starving German children.

(Name).....

(Address).....

Checks should be made payable to Mr. Gibson and addressed **AT ONCE**, with or without coupon, to

American Committee for the Relief of German Children

Room 2002, Bush Building

132 West Forty-second Street

New York City

The Nation

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Vol. CXVIII

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SOMETIMES THE FACT that we are in a presidential campaign works well. President Coolidge has at last discovered the alarming distress of the Northwestern farmer. In a special message to Congress on January 23 he informed that body that the existing situation "is reaching an acute stage that requires organized cooperation on the part of the federal Government." The picture that he draws of the present crisis is not exaggerated: "Great numbers of individual farmers are so involved in debt both on mortgages and to merchants and banks that they are unable to preserve the equities of their farms. . . . They are unable to meet obligations and thereby has been involved the entire mercantile and banking fabric of these regions." To give point to the President's message comes the news that 300 banks have failed in the Dakotas, Montana, and Nebraska and that 400 more failures are expected. Mr. Coolidge recommends the continuance of the powers of the War Finance Corporation until the end of this year, the loan of federal money direct to farmers, the creation if need be of new financing institutions, and cooperation with the government by the large business concerns, the railroads, the mercantile establishments, the agricultural supply houses, and all those businesses whose welfare is immediately connected with that of the farmer. While we agree with Senator Brookhart that the President's message "comes six months late," we welcome it none the less. A special session last summer would have saved many farmers from

ruin; now the effort must be to rescue the survivors. It is of the utmost importance that Congress respond at once and that the desired cooperation of government and private enterprise take place immediately.

IT IS WITH PROFOUND SATISFACTION that we record the decision of Senator George W. Norris of Nebraska to yield to the appeal made to him in an editorial in this newspaper (*Thou Shalt Not Despair*, December 26, 1923) and by hundreds of admirers and friends, and to become a candidate for reelection. The loss of this sturdy patriot, this consistent, high-minded, incorruptible legislator, would have been great at any time; at this hour when the trail of corruption leads to the Cabinet of the United States and stops only at the doors of the White House, Mr. Norris's retirement from public life would have been nothing short of a calamity. We assume that a grateful State will renominate and reelect him.

WHERE LEONARD WOOD goes look out for fighting. It was his record in the Philippines before; it is his record now. Our constabulary has been fighting vigorously with the Colorums, the religious fanatics in Sungao, where they went about the "pacification" of the island in the most approved civilized fashion. Thus Colonel Bowers reports that he burned the town of Socorro after landing his men under cover of machine-gun fire. To the surprise of the authorities, this kindly act did not have the desired effect. "The constabulary has practically given up hope today [January 24] that the Colorums will surrender peacefully." Three days later 54 Colorums were killed, 19 wounded, and 13 captured by Colonel Bowers with the loss of two men wounded—a nice little one-sided slaughter. It next appeared (January 28), ominously enough, that after all the trouble makers "are not religious fanatics but outlaws. . . . Observers here [Manila] believe that only most vigorous measures can now prevent a wide-spread and dangerous unrest in the Southern Philippine region." A Senator has attacked the burning of Socorro, declaring it to be "unnecessary, unjustified, and unlawful." Quite naturally Secretary Weeks denies once more the report that General Wood will be recalled; the worse his failure as Governor General the closer will Mr. Weeks stick to him.

EDWARD W. BOK and the senators investigating him acted as if they were engaged in a joint conspiracy to divert attention from the fundamental issues at stake. Mr. Bok at first refused to tell how much money the contest was costing him. Estimates set it at from a quarter to a half million dollars, and while Mr. Bok can only be praised for spending so much on propaganda for any kind of peace plan the public also has a right to know how much money is being spent in propaganda, good or bad. The senators' ill-mannered attempt to bully Mr. Bok and his able manager, Miss Lape, did not help matters; and apparently it occurred to no one to ask how the summary on the ballot came to differ so widely from the prize-winning plan itself. They were all engaged in hunting or denying the existence of a

deliberate, deep-dyed plot; a little study of the unconscious might have helped explain the accident of a jury so sympathetic to the League of Nations. Mr. Bok's sportsmanship in offering a new \$100,000 prize for a plan to be selected by the investigating senators was a safe and effective way of turning the tables; perhaps he knew how the thought of reading 22,164 peace plans would affect a senator's digestion.

THE MOTTO of the British trade unionists, upon the advent of the first Labor Government in the history of England, seems to be "business as usual." The railwaymen belonging to the Society of Locomotive Engineers and Firemen go out on strike; the railwaymen belonging to the National Union of Railwaymen for the most part act as strike-breakers; Mr. J. H. Thomas, who has resigned as secretary of the latter union to become Secretary of State for the Colonies, pursues the tactics of opposition to united action by means of which he broke the fighting force of the Triple Alliance in 1921; the dock-workers are talking of a nation-wide tie-up; and the usual sequence of conferences and compromises eventually brings the various crises to an inconclusive end. All of which events are typical of the country in which they are taking place. Labor's rise to power does not mean a cessation of disputes and strikes and embarrassing difficulties in the interests of a safe launching of the new Government; nor does it result in a sudden access of solidarity and united revolutionary action. British workers indulge in few heroic gestures and their own first Government will be allowed to cut its teeth on the gristle and bones of as tough a set of industrial problems as any previous Government has faced and failed to solve.

PEOPLE IN THE PALATINATE probably pay little attention to the advent of Ramsay MacDonald, the death of Lenin, or the exposure of Mr. Fall. They are too busy with their own troubles. The Separatists, supported by the French, are punishing the men who told the truth to Mr. Clive, the British consul general at Munich, who was detailed to investigate conditions. Even the Separatist leaders admitted to Mr. Clive that 75 per cent of their group came from outside the Palatinate; presumably, however, they will not punish themselves for so damaging an admission. Among these leaders Mr. Clive reported "a large element of ex-criminals." (We do not understand why he called them ex-criminals.) Most of the townsfolk he found utterly hostile to separation from Bavaria; some of the Socialist workmen favored a Rhineland state within the Reich. The peasants in general, he said, were "indifferent to politics and only wanted to be left in peace with no risk of expulsion." They would sign anything to be left alone, and their signatures, often obtained under threat, meant nothing. Now dispatches report that new expulsions and punishments have begun; the men who talked with Consul Clive are all in danger. What can a Bok prize do for peace while French militarism runs riot unchecked and all but unnoticed?

AN IMPERIAL SALUTE of 101 guns recently announced to the land of Nippon that its Prince Regent Michi-No-Miya Hirohito had been wed to Princess Nagako. The royal pair were magnificently decked out with all the art of silk and embroidery. Ten thousand soldiers and police lined the imperial path to make it safe. Gallant gendarmes cleared Tokio of "suspicious characters," radicals, and other

persons considered dangerous were rounded up and held in jail until after the ceremony. Simultaneously forty thousand miscellaneous convicts—thieves, cutthroats, and murderers were gloriously amnestied, among them Captain Amakasu, whose particularly brutal murder of the Socialist leader Sakaye Ohsugi, his wife, and young nephew was described in *The Nation* for January 16. To murder a Socialist family seems to be a lesser crime in imperial Japan than having "dangerous thoughts."

IN VARIOUS PARTS of the country the birth-control movement is adopting the simple course of challenging the law and then if necessary testing it in court. In Chicago a clinic has actually been opened and licensed by the city, by order of Judge Harry L. Fisher of the Circuit Court, who issued a writ of mandamus restraining the Mayor and the Health Commissioner from interfering. Judge Fisher in a rather remarkable decision said that "in the light of the difference of opinion on this subject, courts should not by judicial pronouncement, without legislation, condemn such an earnest movement as immoral and contrary to public policy. . . ." "Morality in a healthy state of society," he said, "must depend upon its acceptance as a principle of life and not upon fear and ignorance." Meanwhile in New York a birth-control clinic continues to run and so far the police have left it unmolested. The public mind is changing faster than our legislators choose to believe; even the League of Women Voters, a nonpartisan organization of real political power and of consequent caution, made up of middle-class women—Catholics, Jews, and Protestants—with the prejudices of their class and religion; even this body in New York State has voted to support an amendment to the present law. We Americans are slow and hesitant in matters that touch on moral taboos; it will be long before we approach this problem with the directness of the Russian Government, which has accepted the report of a commission of physicians—appointed at the demand of the women—and is now prepared to "furnish birth-control information professionally."

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE has asked Congress to appropriate \$1,000 for a "claim against the United States, presented by the British Government for the death on November 1, 1921, at Consuelo, Dominican Republic, of Samuel Richardson, a British subject, as a result of a bullet wound inflicted presumably by a member or members of the United States Marine Corps" and recommends this payment "as an act of grace and without reference to the legal liability of the United States in the premises." But would it not be worth several times one thousand dollars to find just what is the legal liability of the United States for lives—other than native—in a country conquered by force of arms without declaration of war and in violation of all existing treaties? Thirty-three thousand dollars was the price collected by our State Department for the only American ever killed in Santo Domingo under autonomy—thirty-nine years ago. Has the cost of lives (white) so greatly diminished? Or are we confronted with a new form of rebating between the mighty for the accidentally killed trespassers on each other's imperial preserves?

THE MILLS OF THE GODS, grinding slowly in Minnesota, have finally ground out a measure of justice toward the great iron-mining companies that so long enjoyed unreasonable privileges. In the early days of the

industry, back in 1881, a pliant legislature was persuaded to pass a law exempting ore lands from all taxation and requiring instead the paltry sum of one cent on each ton of iron removed. This piece of stark favoritism lasted for sixteen years, when, after a bitter fight, the exemption law was repealed. But still the companies continued to despoil the State of its mineral wealth without paying anything for it as such. Finally, in 1921, the Minnesota Tax Reform Association, with C. J. Buell as its executive secretary, got the legislature to pass a law levying a 6 per cent tax on the net profits of all engaged in mining and shipping ore, and last year a law went through imposing a 6 per cent tax on royalties. After a fight in the courts in which the net-profits tax was finally sustained, the Oliver Mining Company (a subsidiary of the Steel Trust) paid the State more than four million dollars under the law last November. Later in the year two millions more were collected from other sources. An effort will be made to get the legislature which meets next year to increase both the royalty tax and that on net profits to 10 per cent.

THE PEOPLE of the State of Missouri will vote on February 26 on several proposed amendments to their constitution. Among these is a most hopeful one looking to simplification of legal procedure, shortening the law's interminable delays. Its purpose is twofold—to shorten the delays of litigation by enabling the judges to carry a peak-load of work all the time and to simplify procedure by giving to the judges themselves what amounts to legislative power over technical matters of legal procedure and practice. A judicial council is given power to transfer judges temporarily from districts where business is light to districts where business is heavy, and the appellate tribunals sit in two divisions, no appeal to be heard by the full bench unless there is dissent in the division. This last provision will well-nigh cut in half the time needed to dispose of an appeal, for the great mass of appeals are decided unanimously. The grant of power to the judicial council to legislate rules of practice is a step in advance of any yet adopted in this country, but it is in line with modern proposals for the reform of legal procedure. Certainly the processes of law need simplification, and this amendment reads like sound, good sense. We hope that the people of Missouri adopt it.

TWO HUNDRED EXCITED PERSONS gathered before Magistrate Bell in Princess Anne County, Virginia, accused seventy-year-old Annie Taylor of witchcraft. Whether convinced or not that Annie could kill a mule by waving a cane at him, "queer" the rising of good corn bread, or put snakes in a woman's stomach the court banished her to North Carolina. The judge was wise. If there are any witches left in the country North Carolina should welcome them. That State, through its Board of Education, headed by Governor Cameron Morrison, has banned from its public schools any biologies that "in any way intimate an origin of the human race other than that contained in the Bible." Governor Morrison admits evolution into his vocabulary but writes his own definition:

Evolution means progress, but does not mean that man, God's highest creation, is descended from a monkey or any other animal. I do not believe he is, and I will not consent that any such doctrine, or any intimation of such a doctrine, shall be taught in our public schools.

The Governor may be kept rather busy combing out of all the books in North Carolina every reference to evolution (even under his own Carolinian definition), embryology, comparative anatomy, or paleontology, lest some one read, put two and two together, and draw conclusions differing from the chief executive's.

PRESIDENT MEIKLEJOHN is gone from Amherst College, but one of the reforms which he worked for has just come to pass under his successor. In an effort to make college athletics less commercial Dr. Meiklejohn called a conference of the presidents of twelve of the smaller Eastern colleges and proposed that they agree to abolish the seasonal coach, arranging to have all teams coached by members of the faculty only. Dr. Meiklejohn believed that true sport had been edged out in a system in which overpaid outsiders came in temporarily to match their skill against similar men in other institutions. Games were actually played by the coaches, with the students as so much raw material in their hands. No direct results seem to have ensued in the colleges approached by Dr. Meiklejohn, although several already had in whole or in part the system which he advocated. Amherst put the plan through, and hereafter athletic coaches will be engaged and paid by the college. They will be in residence throughout the college year, with various other duties when not coaching. The evil of the professional coach is not all that is the matter with college athletics, but improvement here is a practical contribution toward better conditions.

MR. FRANK MUNSEY, dealer in dailies, has just purchased the *Evening Mail* of New York, the ninth newspaper he has acquired in that city. Just as he destroyed the *Globe* a few months ago by merging it with the *Sun*, the *Mail* is to be merged with the *Telegram*. Mr. Munsey has now destroyed six New York newspapers since 1891. As in the case of the *Globe*, he avows the economic motive with complete frankness:

This purchase puts the evening newspapers of New York in a safe, strong position. Financially they are now impregnable. . . . Fortunately for New York, there is and will be no lack of nourishment for the remaining five evening newspapers—the *Evening World*, the *Evening Journal*, New York *Evening Post*, the *Sun*, with which the *Globe* is intertwined, and the New York *Telegram*, with which the *Evening Mail* is now intertwined. The owners of the three first-named papers are rich men—very rich—and the owner of the last two is still able to take over another newspaper or two if pressed to do so.

Commercialization of the press is almost complete. The metropolis is without a single thoroughgoing liberal daily—the *World* and the *Evening World* still fall short of the opportunity and influence which should be theirs. At night the public now has the choice of getting its information and its newspaper opinions from Messrs. Hearst, Pulitzer, Munsey, and Cyrus Curtis. In the morning it must take its news and opinions from Messrs. Hearst, Pulitzer, Munsey, Ochs, Reid, and the Chicago owners of the incredibly bad and enormously read *Daily News*. Yet gatherings of journalists and teachers of journalism continue to assure us that all is well in the world in which they work. There is no more menacing development than this gradual control of public opinion by a smaller and smaller group, by men who, with only one or two exceptions, are in the business solely for money-making purposes.

Fall, Denby, Daugherty, Roosevelt, and Coolidge

FOR once the lid has come off at Washington and the people have had a glimpse of what is underneath. Why should anybody be surprised? The Teapot Dome scandal has merely revealed what every thinking man knew to be the truth about our government as it is now organized and run—that it serves primarily to enrich the privileged at the expense of the country as a whole. A vast public oil tract was bestowed upon a speculator whose counsel declares that he stood to make a profit of \$100,000,000 out of it. The excuse was that the tract was being drained by nearby wells privately owned; so the government was "taken out" of private business. Now it appears that the wells which tapped this reserve were granted to the Standard Oil some years ago in defiance of the protests of minor officials whose reports were "lost." The navy officers who protested against the further alienation of the other naval oil tracts were exiled from Washington for their impudence. The Republican Party was true to its traditions. It is once more revealed as an aggregation of rich profiteers busily engaged in exploiting the country for the enrichment of its backers by means of tariffs and other favors. It is shown once more to be a government of, by, and for the holders of special privilege. Once more the country faces the question Boss Tweed insolently asked of the people of the city of New York: "What are you going to do about it?"

So the royal road which Mr. Coolidge was so smoothly traversing to the White House has suddenly led into a morass! Almost overnight there has broken the greatest scandal Washington has known in four decades, and, behold, the President, who seemed so certain of nomination, is in such jeopardy that he is calling on outside counsel to do the work of the Attorney General, is considering jettisoning several of his Cabinet members, and has issued a midnight statement to the effect that he will punish the rascals and otherwise perform the duties he took a solemn oath to carry out. Already there are frantic party appeals such as the telegram from five Kansas representatives urging the President to take drastic action at once, as well as easy-going assurances that the scandal will not affect Mr. Coolidge if he appoints prominent lawyers to conduct the prosecution. After all, it is argued, these besmirched men were Mr. Harding's appointees and the censurable acts were committed before "Lucky Cal" became President.

The public will be fooled by no such sophistry no matter if John W. Davis or Henry L. Stimson or anybody else undertakes the prosecutions. There are certain facts that all the dust which Mr. Coolidge can possibly raise cannot obscure. They are these: (1) Mr. Coolidge as Vice-President sat in the Cabinet when the oil leases were granted; (2) Mr. Coolidge retained Messrs. Denby, Roosevelt, and Daugherty in office and would doubtless have retained Mr. Fall had he not voluntarily resigned; (3) Mr. Coolidge, if a man of ordinary intelligence and information, must have known that the Teapot Dome scandal was brewing—he could have read of it in *The Nation* more than a year ago; Mr. William Hard and numerous senators and representatives could have told him all about it months ago had he been jealous of the good name of his Administration and of the rights and property of the American people; (4) Mr. Coolidge in his midnight statement betrays no indignation, no

alarm, at the facts revealed, none of the white heat that a sensitive statesman ought to feel at such a revelation of corruption and of incapacity in his own official family. He is content to declare that "every law will be enforced"—after his hand has been forced. Not by his own independent research and study has this corruption been revealed; he used neither the mighty powers of his Department of Justice nor his Secret Service to uncover wrongdoing. During all the weary months of steady, persistent probing by the Senate committee Mr. Coolidge lifted not one finger to aid. When the relentless pursuit of the truth by that extraordinarily able and right-minded public servant, Senator Walsh of Montana, brought out the facts—then the President moved.

Was ever any American President in so grave a position? Senator Caraway and others have declared that the Attorney General is of too damaged a reputation to be trusted to conduct the investigation to locate the crimes. Mr. Coolidge confirms their statement by appointing others to do the Attorney General's work at considerable extra expense to the taxpayers. And as we go to press, Mr. Daugherty is resting in Florida and there is no word that Mr. Coolidge has asked for his resignation. As for Mr. Coolidge's Secretary of the Navy, did ever a President have to read a debate as scorching—and as truthful—as the following about a member of his Cabinet? Referring to Mr. Denby's approval of the sale of the Teapot Dome leases, Senator McKellar of Tennessee asked if the Secretary of the Navy was not morally guilty of having aided in the disposition of these reserve oils. The debate then took this course:

"The Senator from Tennessee is a lawyer," said Mr. Caraway, "and knows that a man cannot be held liable unless he has understanding enough to know what he does. He must have comprehension of the act. . . . A man who thinks it is a mere matter of detail to sell for a corrupt consideration every gallon of the nation's reserve oil upon which the nation must depend in time of war—a man who regards that as a mere detail to which he should give no concern I do not think could be liable criminally for anything he might do."

Senator Walsh has since demanded that Mr. Denby resign and Senator Robinson moved that he be impeached. In the face of these facts how can Mr. Coolidge justify himself by retaining in office a single day Mr. Denby and Assistant Secretary Roosevelt, who induced Mr. Harding to sign the executive order disposing of the oil reserves?

Denby, Daugherty, Roosevelt—they must and should go. They have proved themselves at best too dull and too stupid to be intrusted with the interests of the United States. The President, if he is to save anything from the wreck, must throw them all overboard. A clean sweep, Mr. Coolidge, is what the country needs! The Harding Cabinet was an offense when it was appointed. It may be hard luck to those who are raising great sums of money for a Harding Memorial that this revelation of its essential inefficiency and corruption should come out just now. But the country needed the lesson. If these Teapot Dome revelations, these heaven-crying demonstrations that corruption has reached right into the Cabinet itself, do not arouse the country what else can? The very least thing they ought to accomplish is to make impossible the candidacy of Calvin Coolidge.

At Last a Pacifist Cabinet

RAMSAY MACDONALD'S Ministry has attracted the wide-spread attention a first Labor Cabinet deserves. To us, however, its pacifist character is as important as its Labor aspect. Both Mr. MacDonald and Mr. Philip Snowden, the new Chancellor of the Exchequer, proved themselves consistent pacifists in 1914 when they refused to countenance England's entry into the World War. During that struggle Mrs. Snowden held five hundred peace meetings at some of which her husband spoke; not until after the war was he molested. Then, although compelled to use crutches, he was thrown to the floor in a theater lobby and maltreated by some returned soldiers. Lloyd George and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman opposed the Boer War while their country was in it and became prime ministers afterward; but their opposition to their country's course was not based upon the principle that all wars are wrong but was due to dissent from the attack upon the Boers.

But the Prime Minister and the Chancellor of the Exchequer are not the only members of the new Government who refused to "go along" in 1914. Charles P. Trevelyan, the new President of the Board of Education, resigned from the Government in 1914 as a protest against the war policy. Margaret Bondfield, Under Secretary for Labor (she should have been in the Cabinet itself), opposed the war; Lord Parmoor, Arthur Ponsonby, and F. W. Jowett stood behind every peace movement from the time the war began, the latter two being founders of the Union of Democratic Control—an organization of protest against the undemocratic system of government, the secrecy, and the lying which put Europe into the war. Noel Buxton and Colonel Josiah Wedgwood took service during the war, the former on the civil side; both have been proud to call themselves pacifists since. On the other hand, Arthur Henderson, J. H. Thomas, and J. R. Clynes were the three Labor leaders in the War Ministry; yet no one can doubt that today their voices would be lifted in unison against any policy which would involve the use of force. Even the general who has taken over the Air Ministry, C. B. Thomson, the author of the striking article in last week's *Nation*, resigned from the army at the earliest opportunity in thorough disgust and allied himself with the Labor Party as the hope of the future. If Sidney Webb was not during the war attuned to its real significance and its uselessness save as a destructive force, he is surely of a different mood now. Viscount Haldane, perhaps the most unpopular man in England during the war because of his supposed partiality for the Germans, has recently declared that today he is pro-German. Indeed, it is one of the glories of this Cabinet that there is no one in it with any war hatred, no one unsympathetic with the present plight of the former foes or blind to the fact that the restoration of Russia and Germany is essential to the reconstruction of Europe. Finally, in Sir Sydney Olivier, the new Secretary of State for India, one of the wisest writers on the Negro problem in America and the British colonies, a former most successful governor of Jamaica, Mr. MacDonald has selected a man who should do much to improve the relations between England and India.

We are well aware that the Cabinet is, in some respects, a compromise; Mr. MacDonald has undoubtedly desired to draw from the Liberals some strong men of cabinet ex-

perience. That this maneuver has helped to wring from the London press the universal admission that it is a far stronger Cabinet than Mr. Baldwin's proves its immediate wisdom. Whether, in the long run, the great differences of opinion between a man like Lord Haldane and John Wheatley, the Minister of Health, who represents the radical Scottish Labor men, can be reconciled remains to be seen. The point we wish to make today is that this Ministry represents an extraordinary break with the past; no ministry in England or in any other country, so far as we are aware, has embodied such a spirit of pacificism, of humanitarianism, of internationalism, of freedom from all imperialistic and capitalistic influences. Whatever may be said of Mr. MacDonald's Ministry in the future, no one will be able to allege that it spoke the voice of privilege or that it sought to exalt England at the expense of other human beings.

The Freeman

IT is with profound regret that we learn that our contemporary the *Freeman* is to suspend publication on March 5. The best written and most brilliantly edited of the weeklies of protest, its establishment and maintenance for four years have been acts of most generous public service on the part of Mr. and Mrs. Francis Neilson, who had no other motive than to contribute to political and economic education in this country. That it should fail now for lack of popular support is quite as discouraging in its field as is the tendency toward monopoly and commercialization in the daily press. Here was a literary production to compel admiration, whether one agreed with its views or not. Yet, if we are correctly informed, it never obtained more than 7,000 readers.

It is a symptom of our political backwardness in America and our lack of interest in fundamental reform. It is true that the *Freeman* has been limited by belief in a panacea, the freeing of the land. It is true also that it has not been willing to advocate reforms of a palliative character; it did not feel it its duty to make practical suggestions of immediate value. So it has had to encounter much conventional fault-finding, as if criticism—self-criticism—were not the primary need of the hour in America. The memory of its vigorous differences from *The Nation* does not prevent us from expressing our sorrow that the *Freeman* is to go, our grateful thanks that it has existed, and our belief that it would be a misfortune if some other medium were not found to avail itself of Mr. Albert J. Nock's exceptional equipment for editorial service.

It is unfortunately true that the weekly field is extraordinarily difficult for journals of opinion be they conservative or liberal or radical. The *Outlook* goes the even tenor of its safe and sane—and dull—way; the *Independent* is in bankruptcy; the *Weekly Review*, which was to have counteracted the bad influence of the *New Republic* and *The Nation*, has disappeared. As the daily becomes a less and less reliable medium for facts upon which an intelligent electorate might form its opinions, there should be a strengthening of those journals which aim to give new ideas and to present varying political opinions. It is an ill omen, therefore, that the *Freeman*, with the excellence of its style and of its presentation of facts, and the brilliance of its book reviews and its literary comment, should perish for lack of popular approval.

Lenin

LENIN is dead. A half million people are marching past his red-draped bier in Moscow, and all over the world men are mourning or exulting.

What was the secret of his might? It is hard to analyze. No man of position in the world ever felt his power less. "I have never met a person so destitute of self-importance," said Bertrand Russell, and it was probably literally true. "Lenin struck me as a happy man," said Arthur Ransome. "I tried to think of any other man of his temperament who had had a similar joyous temperament. I could think of none. This little, bald-headed, wrinkled man, who tilts his chair this way and that, laughing over one thing or another, ready any minute to give serious advice to any who interrupt him to ask for it, advice so well reasoned that it is to his followers far more compelling than any command—every one of his wrinkles is a wrinkle of laughter, not of worry. I think the reason must be that he is the first great leader who utterly discounts the value of his own personality." He utterly lacked dignity; none of the outward trappings with which politicians and statesmen usually enhance their appearances played any part in his influence. He did not cut his hair impressively, like Lloyd George, or even Trotzky; he probably never wore a tall hat or a frock coat in his life; he had no pomp of manner. Sometimes, coming late to a party congress or Soviet assembly, he would stray down the crowded aisle and seat himself half way up the steps to the tribune, leaning over the next step to take notes, and when an opponent scored a point against him he would lean forward, ironically applauding.

Yet this undignified little man became the idol of his people. The hundreds of thousands who marched past his casket were not by any means all Communists, or even revolutionaries. They were simply Russians, mourning their national hero. Within Russia even those who despised Lenin's communist theories trusted him somehow to lead Russia out of the slough into which the years of revolution, war, and blockade had plunged her. No other leader, within or without the ruling party, had a tithe of the universal respect and devotion which was Lenin's. The peasants affectionately called him "Ilyich"; within his party he was "the old man," and his word carried conviction.

"His strength," Bertrand Russell thought, came from his "honesty, courage, and unwavering faith—religious faith in the Marxian gospel, which takes the place of the Christian martyr's hopes of paradise, except that it is less egotistical. He has as little love of liberty as the Christians who suffered under Diocletian and retaliated when they acquired power. Perhaps love of liberty is incompatible with whole-hearted belief in a panacea for all human ills." It must have required a terribly intense belief to hold office through the period of the "Red terror."

The generation of revolutionaries which came to power with Lenin had indeed been tried by fire. No group of men in the history of government has matched them in readiness for sacrifice. Lenin's own brother was hanged for participation as a student in a revolutionary movement. Lenin himself gave up his position as a member of the lesser aristocracy, spent three years as a prisoner in Siberia, and most of his life in exile in devotion to his principles. In 1905 he directed, from Finland, the work of the bolshevist minority in the first Duma. As an exile he was

recognized as leader by his own party, though almost unknown outside it. During the war he led the tiny band of international socialists who saw the whole carnage as a conflict of rival capitalisms and met in Switzerland to preach peace—peace by revolution. When the revolution came he sought the first opportunity to return to Russia, and was soon regarded in Petrograd as the most dangerous of those fiery street speakers who denounced the compromises of Kerensky and the imperialism of Miliukov. He believed in the destined mission of the industrial working class. He believed that parliamentary democracy, in a nation 90 per cent illiterate, with an aristocracy and an oligarchy used to the technique of rule, was a farce. Someone would have to dictate, and he was determined that it should be the class-conscious minority of the working class. It was.

That class rule infuriated the class which ruled the rest of the world. Germany invaded Russia, but fell victim to the virus of revolution; the Allies blockaded Russia, shut it off from the rest of the world by a "sanitary cordon," and then invaded it from all sides. They supported the Czecho-Slovak legion invading from within, Tchaikowsky invading from the north, Kolchak from the east, Denikin and Wrangel from the south, Petlura, Yudenich, and the Poles from the west. But Soviet Russia, under Lenin, stood the test of battle. It fought off the world, and then set an example unparalleled in history in the series of generous treaties which it made with its neighbors. That long struggle, however, following four years of war, sapped the strength of the nation. It was left in no condition to attempt the largest-scale social experiment of history. Whether, under other circumstances, communism might have worked, we do not know. It never had a fair chance in Russia. And Lenin, still far-sighted, was the first to proclaim the necessary compromises.

Compromise was another of his strange virtues. He was trained in the dialectic school of exiled revolutionaries, where theorists usually learn chiefly to chop logic in a thin world of abstractions. In office this café scholar directed the government of a hundred million people. Trotzky was an abler administrator, but Trotzky looked to Lenin for guidance and often enough after debating with him for months accepted his dictum and reversed his own position. Lenin early lost interest in world revolution. He made two right-about faces in his policy toward the peasants. But where lesser men would have devised ingenious arguments to show that they had never changed their minds, Lenin had the courage to say, "We were wrong; we must change our policy."

Lenin is dead. His country has had to make many painful compromises since his ragged crew took power, but it is running the railroads and marketing the wealth of Russia today. The Communist Government preaching and, to the best of its ability, practicing the gospel of economic revolution, still fills the breast of Mr. Hughes with alarm. Whatever may come of it in Russia that doctrine—that political democracy without economic liberation is a farce—has swept the Western world, and the Western world will never again be quite the same. The French Revolution was crushed, but it molded the history of nineteenth-century Europe. The Russian Revolution is compromising; Lenin is dead and Trotzky is ill, but they will long continue to make history.

Oil Speaks

(The Nation's Weekly Washington Letter)

By WILLIAM HARD

EDWARD L. DOHENY, miner, prospector, finder of deposits, founder of properties, multi-millionaire, is about to testify. The large oblong room is crowded. Lights in three great glass glittering chandeliers, hung from the ceiling, give a touch more of gloom than of brilliance to the daylight air streaming into the room from windows all on one side. The opposite side shows high folding doors leading to the corridor of the Senate Office Building. In the middle of the room there stands a long massive table. At the head of it, with a mirror of stately proportions on the

wall behind him, sits Senator Lenroot of Wisconsin, chairman of the Public Lands Committee. His face is rigid and at the same time anxious — determined and at the same time uneasy. He has not been very much impressed by previous testi-

mony against ex-Secretary of the Interior Fall. Now it seems that he expects to be impressed.



Should Auld Acquaintance Be Forgotten?

mony against ex-Secretary of the Interior Fall. Now it seems that he expects to be impressed.

At his right sits Senator Smoot of Utah. He, too, has not been much impressed by previous testimony against Mr. Fall. He, too, knows that Mr. Doheny's testimony will cause millions of people to be very much excited. Mr. Smoot, however, is not excited, is not anxious, is not uneasy. He remains imperturbable. He is not assertive about it. His face does not say: "I am imperturbable." His face just imperturbably says nothing.

About the table, on each side of it, for some distance down toward its foot, sit other senators. Then, beyond them, down and around the rest of the table there are newspaper men who arrived early.

Other newspaper men in large numbers are seated between the table and the windows and are seated between Senator Lenroot and the mirror and are seated also in other parts of the room among the mere spectators. Among these mere spectators one also sees numerous senators who are not members of the Public Lands Committee, but who have come to see the most poignant play presented in Washington since Mr. Louis D. Brandeis put his pursuing foot upon the heel of Richard Achilles Ballinger, who was Secretary of the Interior by act of President Taft even as Mr. Fall, the person now of all persons the most pursued, was Secretary of the Interior by act of President Harding.

Among these visiting senators one notices the smartly dressed Hale of Maine, the expansively animated Ashurst of Arizona, and the poker-game-faced and dueling-ground-mannered Reed of Missouri. Above all, one notices La Follette of Wisconsin, who looks more than ever like a chunky charging little Japanese general about to assault

Port Arthur and who, having been the outstanding initiator of this investigation, has now come in to be the most observed spectator of its climax.

Many eyes search for Mr. Doheny, first in this and then in that part of the room. At last he is located by the preliminary locating of his well-known and magnificent attorney Mr. Gavin McNab of San Francisco. Mr. McNab is indeed worthy to be the attorney of an industrial magnate. He is tall. He is broad-shouldered. He looms and he glowers. He has an enormous dome of a head. He has an enormous steel-trap of a mouth. His lips curve down with a gigantic hold upon any bone of fact or argument. He looks able to crack raw bones and eat them.

Unobtrusively Mr. Doheny sits beside him. Mr. Doheny is small. His shoulders are not too narrow, but they are not broad. They are not commanding. At no point does Mr. Doheny seem commanding. He seems too gently inclined and too humorously inclined to be commanding. His eyes have a twinkling humor and also—perhaps always—perhaps only at this moment—a competing film over them of dulled sadness. He is dressed very neatly and even dapperly. On his wrist he wears a watch. On the little finger of his left hand he wears a large ring. His hair is parted in the middle, or just a few millimeters away from the middle. It is wavy hair, brownish, but beginning in streaks to be whitish. He has a mustache. It is a gleaming and total white. His complexion is a desert red. He wears spectacles with fine and almost invisible bows over his ears. He seems largely to consist of smiling pathetic eyes with a gleam of glass in front of them. He does not look dangerous. On the contrary, he looks extremely inoffensive. He looks as if he might well need the towering janizary, Mr. Gavin McNab, who looms and glowers protectingly over him. Many spectators, gazing at Mr. Doheny, immediately at this moment form a resolution to try to look as deserving of protection and of help and of ensuing millions as Mr. Doheny or Mr. Andrew Mellon.

Mr. Lenroot, at the head of the table, calls the table and the room to order. Mr. Doheny's name is mentioned. Mr. Doheny rises from beside Mr. McNab and steps forward to the table and sits in the chair which electrically has been left vacant for him. He sits in it and leans forward. Across the table from him he sees his pursuer-in-chief, his Louis D. Brandeis.

This new Brandeis is an old personal friend of Mr. Doheny's. It is Thomas J. Walsh, of Montana, United States Senator, Irish like Mr. Doheny, a Democrat like Mr. Doheny, and Mr. Doheny's friend personally but, as it soon appears, not officially and not in any manner contrary to Mr. Walsh's immediate duty.



Too Much Oil in His System

Mr. Walsh in this inquiry has pursued Mr. Sinclair. He has pursued other Republicans. He also, however, has already pursued Mr. Doheny, his fellow-Democrat and his fellow-promoter of an Irish Ireland. He did it in a previous hearing. He is about to do it again now.

Mr. Walsh is a man of a slow, unrelenting speech. A sentence from him is like the laying down of brick after brick in a sort of verbal causeway across a deeply suspected swamp. He is not going to fall off into the swamp. Nor, on the other hand, is he going to be swerved from his destination. Slowly, patiently, often dully, he for months has been putting down these bricks while reporters absented themselves and notables went to luncheons on the other side of town and the White House was uninterested and the Department of Justice sent no representative to listen and numerous political experts said that in all this naval oil reserve inquiry there was an ultimate outcome of nothing. Mr. Walsh, learned, deep, pondering, just, scrupulous, charitable, regardful of right, tenacious of truth, continued to follow tame clue after tame clue till at length at the end of weary mile after weary mile of unregarded exploration he has brought this inquiry to the brink of this volcano now about to thrill the country with an eruption of inward national political scandalous secrets.

He has shaggy and protruding eyebrows. He used to have a mustache the corners of which came further down than those of any other mustache extant. They hung, or drooped, well down over the whole lower part of his face, so that at that time his eyebrows and his mustache together gave him the aspect of a cave man of savage hairiness. Of late months he has consented to abate the mustache.

He is among the few senators who cannot aspire to the White House. He is a Roman Catholic. Incidentally and irrelevantly it is said that he is a devoted and devout one.

His strongest political characteristic is that along with being a lawyer he has a sense of law as law. He has a sense of law not merely as a means of livelihood and not merely as a matter of legislation, but as a reign of duties and of rights. A leading member of the Democratic Party, a convinced follower of Woodrow Wilson's internationalist ideas, a detester of revolutionary radicalism, he wrote a report which covered the treatment accorded to alleged "reds" by Mr. Wilson's Attorney General, Mr. Mitchell Palmer, and which for all the recorded time through which the American republic may exist will demonstrate the illegality and injustice and unrighteousness of Mr. Palmer's "red" raids.

Undeterred by party, uncorrupted by friendships, Mr. Walsh automatically asks Mr. Doheny to speak. Mr. Doheny begins to speak. His voice is as uncommanding as his appearance. It is high, thin, almost shrill. It is shrill in pitch, not in penetration. It is not a noisy voice. It is almost a weak one. It is thoroughly unassertive.

In print Mr. Doheny's words seem to have been uttered with a roar. In life they proceed from him more with the effect of a diffident squeak.

Mr. Doheny begins to speak of Mr. Fall. He begins also to speak of himself. He and Mr. Fall were miners together. They were miners in a place where there were Indians. Mr. Doheny acutely observes that persons in peril may not like each other at the time, but they always like each other afterwards in their common memory of the peril and of the escape. Mr. Doheny adds this stroke of wit to the picture and then adds a stroke of pathos when he speaks of Mr. Fall's loss of his children by death. Mr. Doheny at this point finds it hard to continue speaking. He hesitates

and stops. He then regains control of himself and goes on. He goes on and reverts to humor. He describes Mr. Fall's reasons for finding himself without money. He remarks that people without money always find good reasons for finding themselves without money. They have had bad luck. Almost all his fellow-prospectors of his old mining-camp days have had bad luck. He now lends them money. Mr. Fall has had bad luck. Mr. Fall's mines in Mexico turned out to be poor in profits. This was largely because of revolutionary disturbances in Mexico. People in the United States do not realize what these revolutionary disturbances in Mexico are. At this very present time Mr. Doheny's employees in Mexico are resisting demands from the revolutionary Mexican De la Huerta Government for \$400,000. Many of Mr. Doheny's employees in Mexico in the course of the last few years of revolutionary disturbances have been killed. When Mr. Doheny speaks of their having been killed, he again for a time finds it hard to continue. He remembers his old fellow-prospectors. He remembers his old employees. Some of them are dead. The rest, if one may stretch his testimony a bit, seem to borrow money from him. He points out a certain difference between him and most other rich men. He does not merely possess property. He possesses cash. If he had to give somebody a million dollars tomorrow morning, he would not need to do it in securities. He would not have to sell part of his business. He could go to his bank and get that million in cash. His little low-volumed and high-keyed voice produces this thought to the hushed amazement or amusement of his auditors. Still more stimulated, still more stunned, they hear him then equably narrate his expectation of making one hundred million dollars for himself and his company out of his lease on Naval Oil Reserve Number One. Manifestly he sees nothing upsetting, nothing prostrating, in the idea of making one hundred million private dollars out of the public chore of draining a public oil reserve. Manifestly, moreover, he might have sent a mere one hundred thousand dollars to almost any affectionately remembered old fellow-pro prospector. He did send one hundred thousand dollars to Mr. Fall on a note and in a satchel, in cash.

At these words there goes around the room a shiver, a shudder, a grin, a pursing of mouths, a rolling of eyes, an exquisite pang of horror and of pleasure. Where a moment ago there was prurient curiosity, there now is satisfied virtue. Where a moment ago there was a trembling over the contestants, there now is a gloating over the defeated. Mr. Fall and Mr. Doheny lie on the sand of the arena. A year or so ago, back in the dim past, they were among our favorite gladiators. Shall they now be spared? A hiss of hostile breath from their old admirers, from their old friends, says gloatingly "No."

It was a victory for the service of the state. Senator Walsh did his duty. He looked across the table at his old friend Mr. Doheny. He had brought him to a public confession of a public error. He did not turn his head. If he had turned it, he would have gazed with contempt at the mob of pleasure-seekers who while evidence of the plundering of the public domain was being presented were not there, but who, when the blood of reputations was to flow, were present and exulting.

The voice of Senator Smoot is heard. He would like Mr. Doheny to see him in his office about the chances of an oil-well he knows in the West.

The making of the world's living goes on.

British Labor Celebrates Victory

By H. W. MASSINGHAM*

London, January 11

I HAVE seen many political demonstrations in England, beginning with the great Gladstonian progress of 1886, but I have never seen anything like this week's celebration of the Labor victory of last December. To understand it, it is necessary to say a word on the most critical situation in English politics that has arisen since the passing of the First Reform Bill. It is a new situation for which neither the constitution nor the party system makes any exact provision. We have had an indeterminate state of parties before—indeed, that condition held till close up to the seventies. We have also had a semi-revolutionary movement, like Chartism, arising out of a prolonged period of misery and repression. But Chartism was never able to win parliamentary power, and though parties in the early Victorian period were made up from loose and variable groupings, the grand era of liberalism was at hand, and was being steadily prepared for. Next week the curtain rises on a widely different scene. There are three definite parties, and only one of them offers a real aspect of solidarity. The Liberal Party, nominally reunited and subject to a momentary revival in numbers and discipline, is still on the decline, with an indifferent and divided leadership and a loss of faith and coherence which has persisted since the war and of which the causes lie deep in its constitution and social outlook. Toryism again is in a state of acute internal misery. It has come from one of the worst of its elections enraged with the naivete of its leader in challenging such an issue as protection in such a manner; alarmed at the prospect of the immediate arrival of "socialism," and yet unwilling to combine with the non-socialist liberalism of Mr. Asquith save on terms of a second and dominantly Tory coalition. From this solution the Liberals have drawn back in dismay. It would have meant the breaking off of the Radicals and the formation of a Liberal-Labor group, and it would have been downright treachery not only to Liberal idealism, but to the fairly progressive electoral program of the party.

It was with the knowledge that the Liberal vote would be used to destroy the Conservative Government, and that Labor thus stood on the threshold of power, that the great "thanksgiving" meeting at the Albert Hall assembled. The critical trial of the virtue of laborism—its leaders, ideas, and policies—had come to it as suddenly as the call to the prophet Elisha, found plowing with his twelve yoke of oxen in the field. And Labor's response was exactly what might be expected of it.

To the thousands of young men and women—the average age struck one as between 20 and 30—who poured into the Albert Hall, and moved to their places in one tier or another of its vast circumference, the event came as an almost solemn act of dedication rather than the flaming signal of party triumph. The British Labor Party resembles the Catholic church in at least two particulars. It has a faith and an organization, and it is the union of these two characteristics that produces the effect of disciplined enthusiasm of which these central assemblies are

the evidence. The order of the Albert Hall meeting was perfect, evolved as it was out of the simple and impressive ritual of the Labor demonstration and the close harmony of its poetry and aspiration with the temper of the audience. Vast as was the space to be filled, the work was done without a sign of bustle or confusion. In a few minutes every ticket holder had his seat, from the distant and slightly raised platform up to the dizziest tier of the arena. The singing, mostly in hymn tunes and led by a trained choir from the orchestra, was set to the three or four fine English poems by Morris and Carpenter, whose familiar rhythm makes the marching music of the party and spiritualizes their vision of a new social order. The programs, beautifully printed, closed with a commemoration of the saints and pioneer figures of the movement and of the great democratic hierarchy from which they sprang. Here and everywhere was the evidence of the spirit not of a party so much as of a religion, which it means to apply, in full confidence, to the art of government.

This tone of mingled buoyancy and seriousness, with its suggestion of a young evangelistic church in the bloom of its days of faith, was not the only remarkable feature of the Albert Hall meeting. There was something more notable still, and that was the harmony between leaders and followers. Mr. MacDonald and his colleagues had come to say a difficult word to an idealistic audience. The word was moderation. It was spoken, gently but with firmness, by every one of the orators, in particular by Mr. MacDonald, with the refined artistry of which he is a master, and by Miss Bondfield, who seemed to make every accent of her beautiful voice audible to its most distant hearer, with the persuasiveness of the religious teacher. Mr. MacDonald's speech contained one passage which could be called an appeal to passion, and that was the very homely passion, long denied to hundreds of thousands of English folk, of having a decent roof over their heads. Save for the necessary warning that if (as in the past) the ring which has hung up the housing movement since the war took the field against a Labor government that ring would be "broken," this vein of sober rationalism was never once abandoned. The effort of the Labor Ministry to establish itself as a governing force would, he made clear, proceed by a dual and connected movement. It would endeavor to establish a new concordat of peace, based on the immediate recognition of Russia and an attempt to bring Germany back into the European system. And it would make an offer to capital to engage with it in a great scheme of productive employment. I held my breath at an odd moment or two as this evolutionary movement was led up to and expounded in language of singular simplicity and skill. Impatient idealism might have revolted, and had it done so the life of a Labor government, if it had ever begun, would have dwindled to a short and inglorious episode. But the response was perfect. The enthusiasm of the meeting was restrained and enhanced; and it was evident that the new Government, basing itself not on the class-war, but on the cooperative and even the religious instincts of the whole nation, would have behind it the wonderful movement which brought it into being.

* It has been reported that Mr. Massingham will probably be appointed British Ambassador to Germany.

The Secret Corruption of the French Press

By LEWIS S. GANNETT

FILED away in the secret archives of the old imperial government of Russia lie tons of documents, some of which have been brought to light and some of which are still hidden. A new and amazing series has just been exposed by Boris Souvarine in the columns of *l'Humanité* of Paris. Souvarine, a young Frenchman of Russian descent, spent two years in Russia ransacking the files of the Russian Ministry of Finance, and returned with a load of sensational documents revealing in detail the manner in which the Czar's Government systematically bribed the French press from 1904 until the Soviet Revolution stopped the game. This was the period during which the Franco-Russian alliance was developed and the first Russian revolution put down in a bath of blood, during which Finland lost its autonomy and fifteen billion francs of French money were invested in Czarist bond issues. The crushing of the revolution and the strangling of Finland were made possible by the stream of French gold that flowed to Russia from the wool stockings of the French peasants and workmen, and the stream was maintained by a systematic press campaign to deceive the French people as to the true state of affairs in Russia. This campaign, the documents reveal, was bought and paid for by the Czar's Government, which in a critical year such as 1905 spent nearly four million francs to keep the Paris press quiet, and continued its subsidies intermittently until its downfall in 1917. Indeed, the Kerensky Government, which still nourished some of the imperialistic designs of its predecessor, continued the system of bribes, at least in so far as concerned the great semi-official mouthpiece of the French Foreign Office, the *Temps*.

Here, in downright bribery, is the secret of the strange alliance between republican France and imperial Russia; here, too, is the key to the rabidity with which the French press in peace-conference days opposed President Wilson's attempt to come to terms with Soviet Russia, and to the readiness of the French Government and of the Paris press to support any bandit chieftain who set himself up to oppose the Bolsheviks. For it must be remembered that in France all politicians are journalists, and almost all journalists are politicians, and that to bribe one group is to bribe the other. More than a score of Paris daily papers were on the Czar's pay roll, and still more individual journalists—managing editors, financial editors, owners, and feature writers—including Raymond Recouly, who came to the United States in 1922 to lecture before the Williamstown Institute of Politics as the recognized spokesman of France. On the same pay roll were several men who are still senators, among them Henri Berenger, who recently toured the Little Entente nations as Premier Poincaré's handy man and returned to recommend the loans of hundreds of millions of francs which are sealing France's diplomatic and industrial control of Central Europe. These men who sold themselves to the Czar are still making the policy of the Paris press and of the French Government; and if other revolutions come, political or industrial, we may discover their names on the post-war pay rolls of newer nations or of kings of finance and industry. Indeed, the fall of Stambuliiski in Bulgaria has exposed one of the Czar's

French henchmen again selling himself, as correspondent of the *Temps*, to another foreign Power.

The Czar's own agent used the phrase: "the abominable venality of the French press." Probably no press in the world is more venal. The French Government itself subsidizes it to keep it in hand; before the war one scandal after another revealed its readiness to accept money for editorial aid in floating various kinds of loans. There was a scandal in which the readiness of patriotic papers secretly to accept Austrian money was revealed; indeed, there is little reason to distinguish between acceptance of money from Austria and acceptance of money from Russia when one understands the sordid origin of the Russian alliance. The documents found in the Soviet archives incidentally reveal that French papers secretly accepted money from the Boers in the days when they had money to spend, and from Argentina and Brazil when they wanted to interest French capital in their countries. The Czar's money was used, of course, not only to influence investors but also to influence public opinion in politics. So close was its control that we find the Czar's secret agent writing to Petrograd to inquire whether he should consider the publication of a Tolstoy manifesto by the *Matin* as "a breach of contract."

Paris is not alone. The London *Times* and the London *Daily Telegraph* also felt the touch of the Czar's money. One of the favorite camouflages was to pay for the publication of special Russian numbers, the contents of which were carefully supervised by the Russian representatives. On April 19, 1914, M. Davidov, of the Russian Ministry of Finance, wrote to his chief, M. Bark, that he had been approached by the editor-in-chief of the *Monde Illustré*, and that while he had been unable to meet M. Dupuy-Mazuel's request in full he had felt its importance and had made a verbal report to the Czar, "who approved my views and agreed to grant M. Dupuy-Mazuel a subvention of 10,000 rubles, like that received by the *Times*, the *Daily Telegraph*, and a few other papers." This incidental reference is revealing enough; possibly some Englishman will follow in M. Souvarine's footsteps and track the Czar's money through the London press as thoroughly as Souvarine has traced it in Paris.

Paris is, however, probably alone in this: that it was at the direct instigation of the French Government that the Russian Government began its thirteen years of bribery of the press. This was in 1904, when the outbreak of the Russo-Japanese War threatened the success of a Russian loan. It is worth referring to a report made in November, 1905, by Arthur Raffalovich, known to the public as an officer of the Legion of Honor, member of the Institute of France, a regular contributor to the *Journal des Débats* and the *Economiste français*, and as editor of the *Marché financier*. Unknown to the public Raffalovich was the Czar's secret agent who advised upon methods of corrupting the French press. Raffalovich wrote:

These subventions to the press began in February, 1904, at the time of the panic provoked by the outbreak of hostilities in the Far East. Upon the express request of M. Rouvier, then Minister of Finance [later Prime Minister of France] . . . the director of the [Russian]

Ministry of Finance agreed to open a credit of 200,000 francs through the Russo-Chinese Bank. The Paris banks, in the common defense of Russian credit, furnished 100,000 francs in addition to our 200,000. The money was expended through the regular agent of the French Ministry, M. Lenoir, and continued until the issuance of the 800-million-franc loan in May. Our sacrifices were then interrupted until autumn, when the monthly allocations were resumed, slightly increased. In March, 1905, after the battle of Mukden and the failure of the French loan by fault of the bankers, Verneuil demanded an enormous sum each month until peace was signed. . . . After consulting M. Rouvier semi-officially, we agreed to increase the monthly allotment by about 110,000 francs. . . . The internal events in Russia, the disturbances, mutinies, and massacres created a very uneasy state of mind among the owners of our securities in France and it appeared that if the press were left to itself it would not fail to upset the public still more. When M. Noetzlin returned the outlook was so threatening that the Banque de Paris put 50,000 francs at our disposition, which was used as follows: 10,000 francs to the Havas Agency [the Associated Press of France], 7,000 francs to Hebrard of the *Temps*, 4,000 to the *Journal* on November 30, as much again on December 30, plus Lenoir's commission. The costly sacrifices to Havas and the *Temps* are absolutely necessary. In our difficult circumstances the support of the majority of the press is—unfortunately—indispensable to us until the loan is put through. The papers have become greedier as the loan becomes more distant, and one may judge what they would say if given rein by the tone of a few papers which have remained outside the arrangement. . . . We must continue the 100,000 francs for three months, and look forward to paying Havas 10,000 francs for an even longer period. . . . The canceled checks are in the hands of the Ministry of Finance.

In all, the Russians spent on the Paris press in that expensive year of 1905, 3,796,861 francs—and the franc was then at par. The list of papers which received the gold, some of it in the camouflaged form of loan advertising, included the *Temps*, the *Journal des Débats*, the *Echo de Paris*, *Figaro*, the *Gaulois*, the *Journal*, the *Petit Parisien*, the *Matin*, the *Liberté*, the *Presse*, the *Patrie*, the *Libre Parole*, the *Petit Journal*, the *Eclair*, the *Rappel*, the *Radical*, the *Intransigeant*, the *Lanterne*, and a host of others. Of course the financial papers received their share, and even the *Vie Parisienne* appears upon one list of the favored.

The subsidies continued, somewhat less fluently, for more than two decades. They were resumed in 1912, the disbursement being supervised by M. Poincaré. Of that, and of his use of the Russian gold to stifle pacifist sentiment during a war scare, I shall speak in a later article. The *Temps*, as the mouthpiece of the French Government, the most influential and most quoted paper in France, was a chief beneficiary. During the World War the alliance between the *Temps* and the Russian Government assumed a unique intimacy. Perhaps never in history has a great newspaper so sold itself, body and soul, to a foreign Power. The terms of the contract, signed at Petrograd on January 15, 1916, tell the vile story:

The Imperial Ministry of Finance and M. Charles Rivet, representative of the *Temps* in Russia, have agreed as follows:

The special numbers of the *Temps* devoted to the financial and economic life of the Empire will appear as free supplements, folded in with the paper, beginning in 1916.

There will be two numbers per year, to appear toward the end of January and of June.

M. Charles Rivet, correspondent of the *Temps* in Russia, is authorized in a letter signed by the director of the *Temps* corporation, dated January 14, 1916, to prepare the aforesaid supplements in collaboration with the Minister of Finance. To facilitate relations and in the interest of the publication all matters concerning it, journalistic or financial, are the exclusive concern of the Petrograd office of the *Temps* and are to be handled directly between the chancellery of the Ministry of Finance and M. Charles Rivet.

The Russian Ministry of Finance has entire freedom to select the text of the Russian numbers, which will be published only under its supervision. It may, accordingly, dispose of all or part of the 5,000 lines contained in each of them, just as it may furnish all or part of the photographs to illustrate them.

The Ministry's material should be at the disposition of M. Charles Rivet or of his representative about one month before publication; if the material exceeds the volume of a single number it may be carried over into the next.

Furthermore the Russian Ministry of Finance, exclusively through the Minister's chancellery, may transmit to M. Rivet or to his representatives such economic or financial news as may seem to it of a nature to interest the readers of the *Temps*, and this news will be printed in that paper. These communications will be handed to the Petrograd office of the *Temps* and should not include such news as the Russian Government may feel it wise to give out in Paris—as to which the *Temps* is not bound by the present agreement. The Ministry's communications will not exceed 5,000 lines per year. To facilitate their transmission and in order not to overburden the budget of the paper the Russian Imperial Ministry of Finance will recompense M. Rivet or his representatives for the telegraphic expenses of the *Temps*, to the extent of a maximum of 500 words per day, or of 15,000 words monthly, this to continue until the conclusion of the diplomatic pourparlers and of the events which follow the war and constitute its liquidation. This telegraphic gratuity may be continued still further if the Ministry of Finance does not object.

The *Temps* assumes all the cost of printing and distributing the Russian numbers. The Ministry of Finance grants M. Charles Rivet an annual subsidy of 150,000 francs, payable in two instalments of one-half each when the material for the numbers is transmitted, or in one lump sum at the beginning of the year, at the option of the Minister of Finance.

The publication of the Russian numbers will continue in following years upon the same conditions unless one of the two parties objects. In that case the changes to be made are to be noted when the last number of the year is in course of publication, i.e., in June, in default of which notice the present agreement will remain in force for the ensuing year.

Rivet and the *Temps* were hard up and greedy. This contract was not enough to satisfy them. In August, 1916, we find them pressing the Russian Government to pay in advance the 150,000 francs for 1917. "In return, dear sir, we are entirely at your service; what we ask is one of those things which one never forgets, and we shall be most sincerely and profoundly grateful." Groveling could hardly go further. In September Rivet was begging again. His annuity of 150,000 francs came from the Russian Ministry of Finance. He tried to get more from the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. It was a question, he wrote, "of an agreement of a high political bearing"; Sazonov, Neratov, and

Baron Schilling were all favorable, but the Prime Minister had not formally approved the project. Rivet felt that as "an enlightened patriot" the Minister should approve this second subvention. Rivet got an advance of the first half of the 1917 subvention, but in January he was begging again for the other half; "you can count on our entire devotion," he wrote. The Foreign Ministry doubted the wisdom of a second subsidy and telegraphed to Raffalovich in Paris for advice. He replied uncertainly; the *Temps* was important, but it was already heavily subsidized. However, he added, "in view of the state of war, and looking forward to the need which the Ministry may have of enlightening public opinion upon Russian interests during the peace negotiations, it might be useful to make sure of a means of having our ideas and communications printed in that paper, on condition that they be printed in the paper itself, not in the supplement."

The Kerensky Revolution made no difference to Rivet and the *Temps*—what they wanted was the money, and if Kerensky would pay they were as willing to serve him as the Czar. In April we find Rivet announcing that he had made such changes in the forthcoming supplement as the occasion required, and offering to print whatever the new Finance Minister desired. He even suggested that he had had "his modest part in the happy changes in Russia"! On May 2 he acknowledged a check from the Kerensky Government. Meanwhile Rivet had formed a little "Balkan Telegraphic Agency" of his own, and was soliciting aid for it too.

The Bolshevik Revolution put an end to this gold mine and naturally Rivet and the *Temps* bitterly opposed it. In that counter-revolutionary period their tracks are covered;

no revolution has yet disclosed what financial dealings, if any, Kolchak and Denikin and Wrangel had with the Paris papers. Rivet in the course of time was sent as a special correspondent to the Balkans. There new evidence of the corruption of the *Temps* and its correspondent has come to light. The Belgrad *Vremya* printed in November, 1923, a facsimile letter from Rivet to one of the agrarian leaders. Rivet said that he needed money in order to complete a three-weeks journey through Bulgaria for which the *Temps* could not pay. The Bulgarian Embassy in Paris had paid for his outgoing journey, and the rest of his expenses were to be covered by the Bulgarian Government. He wanted Stambuliiski to settle the account. The *Vremya* recalled that Rivet and the *Temps* had systematically belittled Serbia and praised Bulgaria, and suggested that Serbian statesmen were naive if they thought they could get the truth about Serbia into the French press without paying for it.

American journalists are hardly subject to such crass corruption as these documents reveal in the French press. But there is a subtler form of corruption which was practiced by the Czar before the war and is in vogue with the French Republic today. French journalists used to vie with each other for the honor of decoration by the Czar, and American correspondents today covet the rosette of the French Legion of Honor. Some of them have won it. Can it be that the achievement or hope of that bit of red ribbon has anything to do with the strange fact that these men who send daily cables to their American papers have not noticed the amazing news which *l'Humanité* has been printing day after day for weeks, undenied by the culprit papers themselves?

America in Polynesia*

By PADRAIC COLUM

I. Where Sugar Is King

IN acres and acres and hundreds of acres spreads the green that is richest of all greens—the green of the sugar cane. In the Hawaiian Islands it is only when we go away from where water can be poured out, it is only when we get to places where a black lava-crust lies upon the earth that we lose sight of that triumphant green. Sooner or later, if we would understand the islands, we will have to go by one of the roads that lead through this green growth and come to someone who can really tell us about the plantations.

All the islands except Molokai which is lacking in water have great sugar plantations—Oahu, Kauai, Maui, Hawaii. But it is on the island of Hawaii that the production of sugar is at its simplest; there the abundance of water permits of direct transportation from the field to the factory, and furnishes power besides for the running of the factory. On the other islands one sees the brown stalks of burned and cut cane being drawn on railway trucks through the living green of the plantation. On the island of Hawaii the bundles of the cut cane are transported as

lumber is transported down the rivers—they are rushed by flumes to the factory.

The cane crop is continuous and the fields need never lie fallow; leave the roots in the ground and the crops will rise up again, thinning only after four years. Here is a field that the power cultivator has broken: bundles of cane lie near—they are to be planted in the ridges by the women and children of the plantation. Here is a field that has not yet come to maturity; it is due to ripen in from three to six months, and here is a field that has been burned to get rid of the growth of leaves so that the cane can be easily cut.

Water comes swiftly down in a flume that is about eighteen inches across. The flow is in a concrete trough, and it rushes along like the water of a mill-race. Bundles of cane are being swept along in it; it is carrying the cane down to the factory six miles away. Day and night, in a twenty-four-hour shift, this flume and the flumes converging on it are carrying the cane from the field into the factory—carrying it, in this particular place, right into the machinery that cuts it, crushes it, and makes it yield up its juice.

So there is the utmost simplicity here. But indeed on the Hawaiian Islands generally the conversion of land and labor into wealth by way of the cane-plantation and the sugar factory has a rather terrifying simplicity. There

*This is the first of a series of three articles by the same author on the subject of American Polynesia. The other two articles will describe village life in the islands and the origins of Hawaiian folk songs.

is no curve in this conversion; it is in a perfectly straight line. Practically the whole economic life is concentrated on the production of sugar. I suppose such a concentration amounts to an economic scandal. On Maui, perhaps the most productive spot on the globe, it is impossible to get fresh vegetables; the lettuces, even, come from the coast; butter comes from New Zealand; everything comes out of a can. One has to go into the wild recesses of the land to find Hawaiians, Portuguese, or Chinese working a farm on the smallest and simplest scale. And there are no markets for the stuff they produce.

We follow the flume that is sweeping to the factory the brown bundles of the burned and cut cane. We come to the mill, and we are ready to view the climax of all this drama of growth and labor.

The mill is not spacious, not imposing; it is not much more extensive than the ordinary street-car barn in New York. And there are not many hands about. The cane comes down the flume; it is cut by four knives at the entrance; it is carried a little lower down and crushed, and we see the oozing juice.

One follows the juice as it is drawn to the compartments above; here are great inclosed boilers with glass retorts on the outside that permit us to see the dark-brown juice as it becomes more and more purified. Molasses is formed; by centrifugal force the sugar is separated, and the molasses again is made to yield up its sugar. Brown sugar comes out warm; we see it packed in bags, carried away, and stowed in the wagons that will take it to the steamer; it goes to New York to be refined into the white sugar that we use. The bundle of cane that we saw being rushed along by the flume has added its crystallized juices to the mass that has gone into one of these bags. There is one thing more to be looked at. As we leave the mill we note a heap of dark-brown soil near the railway tracks. This is the clay and fiber that has been pressed out of the cane; it will be used as fertilizer. Then there is the molasses that in spite of the centrifugal force has remained molasses more or less; it is in a heap outside; it will be used as fuel in the factory or as feed for the horses and mules of the plantation. Everything in the cane has been accounted for.

When you are in the Hawaiian Islands you hear the word "camp" over and over again. Now although one-tenth of the military forces of the American Republic is stationed in these mid-Pacific islands, the "camps" spoken of are not for soldiers; they are for the laborers, for the workers in the plantations.

The Hawaiian Islands are singular in this—whereas other countries have not always enough work for their populations, these islands have not enough population for their work. Since the thirties and forties when the monarchy sanctioned the importation of Chinese, labor agents have been searching for and bringing into the islands labor from many quarters—Chinese, Portuguese, Japanese, Filipino, Porto Rican, Korean. You come to note the different types as you go through the plantations. The Japanese have the biggest quota, the Portuguese come next, then the Filipino. Few Hawaiians are on the plantations; the Kanaka, a small farmer and fisherman by tradition, does not take to the hard-driven labor of the cane-fields.

The very word "camp" gives the history and status of this imported labor. There are no villages here for the

plantation workers, for the village belongs to generations of people, and these men and women have not grown up, they have been dumped down, on this land. The word "camp," too, implies something regulated, and the places where the workers and their families live are under supervision.

And yet the collection of houses that form the newer "camps," from the point of view of hygiene or of comfort, are ahead of most villages in Europe. They are neat, these framehouses; they have a washhouse for the family outside with a shower-bath; they have runs for fowl. Every "camp" has a clubhouse for men. The schools that are about the plantations are pleasanter than any schools I have ever been in; the teachers are of a high type, and they have not only consideration but affection for their polyglot charges. In Ireland, or England, or Scotland, places like these "camps" would be regarded as model villages, and it would be altogether out of the question to have schools like these near-Irish, English, or Scotch villages—schools so well built, so well staffed, so well equipped.

And the people who live on the plantations have wages that would look good to a farmer in many parts of America. They have a dollar a day to begin with. They have a bonus with this pay. They have money for overtime, and their women and children are able to work alongside if they like and make a good addition to the wage of the head of the family. They have a free house; they have free light, fuel, nursing, and medical attendance. The plantation owners are quite open to suggestions for the betterment of life in the "camps"; indeed they have, in several places, brought in enlightened and devoted welfare workers, who are putting into operation well-conceived programs for social betterment.

And yet, if there is one thing clear about it all it is that in this beautiful country, in this ideal climate, in this paradise for children the workers, with steady jobs and many advantages, are not at all anxious to stay on the plantations. Few of the children grown up here go into the cane-fields. The adult workers do not regard themselves as settled here; when, a few years ago, the bonus was so large that they were able to save a considerable sum, a great many plantation workers pulled up stakes and left the islands. During war time when sugar was at a high price the owners almost bribed them to work. But when they got their large bonus they stayed away from the plantations for weeks and weeks.

Is the aversion to the cane-field due to the work there, or is it due to conditions outside? I have an idea that to a great extent the aversion to the plantations begins in the "camp." It would be wise, I think, for the plantation owners to discard that word with its suggestion of transitoriness and regulation and rootlessness. These collections of houses should be given names—names perhaps derived from another land and endeared to the people who live or grow up in them. The namelessness of the place he lives in is one more way of showing the worker that, for the plantation owners, he is only the economic man.

In the camps there is no wine-drinking, no cock-fighting, no uproarious love-making, no festivities that go on through days and nights; a man cannot have a good row with his wife, a family cannot throw things at each other without the camp-policeman appearing on the scene. There is nothing, in short, to remind one of the normal, energy-wasting, dramatized life of the European village. There are movies that the plantation worker and his family can go to; the

young people of the camps, no doubt, have ways of getting together, but human life is certainly subdued—it is subdued for the production of the economic person—the man or woman who can put in eleven good hours in plantation work.

There is something in human nature that asserts that man is not purely an economic creature. He is an economic creature some of the time, but most of the time he is something that is quite different. "Sometimes we experienced surprise that they should labor so arduously at their sport and so leisurely at their plantations and houses, which, in our opinion, would be far more conducive of their advantage and comfort," wrote the Rev. Mr. Ellis, an early missionary to the Hawaiians. "They generally answered that they built houses and cultivated their gardens from necessity, but followed their amusements because their hearts were fond of them." The Hawaiians who made that answer spoke on behalf of the whole human race—the Japanese in present-day Hawaii perhaps excepted. Man created as an economic creature—even well-treated as such—is left with much of a grievance.

The camps are of all conditions—they vary as they are old, new, or very recent constructions. The recent camps are very much improved; they are in better situations, they have roomier houses, they have wider gardens; they have—a worth-while privilege, this—access to the plantation dairy, where they can get milk and butter at cost price. The old camps, built for the earlier Portuguese laborers, are like slums set down in the countryside.

They stand, these nameless villages, through all the greater Hawaiian Islands, collections of board houses without chimneys, beside the green of the cane-fields and inclosed by the many-blossomed hibiscus hedges with their high greenery. The races are segregated; one does not find Japanese and Portuguese families or Filipino and Porto Rican families living side by side. The houses, even the houses in the most recent constructions, are small. But then much of the home life is lived in the open air and the cooking is always done outside. A *lanai* or veranda is outside all of the houses, and this makes an extra room—the room, indeed, that is most frequented. Near the camp is the plantation store with its enormous array of goods in cans, biscuits, and salt meats, with its display of camp notices in Hawaiian, Japanese, Portuguese, Spanish, and that odd-looking Malay language full of "ngs" and "bangs" that a section of the Filipinos have for a vernacular. Down the road is the school charmingly arranged in bungalows, with trees and delightful flowers around and with happy-seeming children within and without—Japanese children mostly, with their shy geniality, their slit eyes and their microscopic noses, and their little flowered kimonos—and with few Hawaiians, some Portuguese, and other children representing odd racial mixtures. One is made sad to think that so few of these little people will grow up with any attachment to this beautiful place, that they will come to have the mind of transients, the children of a camp.

Out in the cane-fields the men and women are working, and the *luna* or overseer watches this group and that group. What do they feel about their work in the field and their life in the camps? They are not inarticulate, this alien-speeched folk, and two of their testaments have come my way. The first is a poem—a poem that for all its uncouth, foreign words and all its cramped expression has power and impressiveness.

Battle Hymn of the Laborers

BY A LABORER OF MAKAWELI

At four-thirty the bugle sounds.
Still camps rouse into motion
And the noise of men breaks the stillness of night.
Companies are armed—
Regiment of hapaiko men,
Regiment of "cut cane" men,
Regiment of hanawai,
Regiment of hoehana.

A mixed battalion of Japanese, Filipinos, Chinese,
Koreans, Portuguese, and Spanish.

Our Captain is mean.
He rides on a horse with a big rod.
Companies are divided in two;
They press forward riding on train,
To the Castle of the Capitalists,
To the Castle of the Poor.
Hapaiko! Cut cane!

Hey! Enemies are strong—
Big rain, terrible storm.
Why fear, you cowards!
Front-line men are killed,
Second-line men are wounded,
Third-line men are aged.
Alas! Only help is National Guard.
Hapaiko! Hanawai!

You're shot!
Your bayonet is broken!
Your ammunition is gone!
You fool!
Fight! Fight! until it falls—
Castle of the Poor!
Cut cane! Hoehana!

Fight!
Fight for the freedom of mankind!
Scholars, be baptized with mud!
Priests, be baptized with spirit!
Rich men, be baptized with love!
Poor men, be baptized with freedom!

Charge!
Charge!
Be not misled.
Hapaiko! Cut cane!
Hanawai! Hoehana!

There is no mistaking the resentment that is back of this poem. Written by a Japanese plantation laborer, it was published in a Japanese newspaper on the island of Kauai; it was brought to the notice of the Hawaiian attorney general, who had to consider whether the publisher of the poem should be tried for revolutionary intent. Thanks to its being brought to the notice of the law and being published as a document in the case, we can glimpse plantation life as seen by an embittered plantation worker.

The "Captain" who is "mean," who rides "on a horse with a big rod" is the *luna* or overseer. The rod that is so sensationally noted is only a riding-crop. "Front-line men are killed"—that refers to the first importation of Japanese laborers who are now all dead or incapacitated by age. "Second-line men are wounded." That is an allusion to the crippling effects of the *hapaikou* work at which men weighing 140 pounds or less pack bundles of cane weighing 180

pounds or more from the fields to the freight cars. "It is true that they themselves set the weight of their own bundles," says the Honolulu journal that published the poem after it had been brought to the attorney general, "but it is also true that, after five or six years of it, they become permanently deformed and can be distinguished from their fellows by the depression of the shoulders on which the bundles have rested. It should be said in justice that the planters for years have been seeking to develop mechanical leaders that could compete in the field against the human pack animal and that it appears they are on the verge of success." The flumes and the wires that carry the bundles from the upland plantations to the factories are mitigating the labor of the human pack animal.

You're shot!
Your bayonet is broken!
Your ammunition is gone!

All this has reference to the strike of the year before last and the dissipation of the strike fund.

I believe that there is only one solution for the population problem in Hawaii—that is the break-up of the great plantations and the creation of a body of homesteaders engaged in the growing of cane or pine-apples. Looking at it humanly, the problem of the islands is not a problem of labor, but a problem of population. What kind of population can Hawaii afford to have? Is it an unrooted population, living in nameless collections of houses, or is it a population of homesteaders living in real villages? The effort to settle homesteaders on the island lands—notably on Molokai—is quite distinct from the effort to break up any of the large plantations. The first is being already discussed. "So far as land is concerned there is no difficulty, but these men do not want land unless it can be proved to them that they can make a little money on their gardens. For this reason efforts are being made to test all kinds of crops. . . . When these experiments have demonstrated that small farming is profitable and feasible as well in Hawaii as on the mainland, it is hoped the plantation laborers will work to earn enough money to buy an upland farm, not tickets to San Francisco. They and their children will come down to the cane-fields to work in harvesting the crop, just as a similar class of small farmer works in the harvesting season in California. In this way only will the problem of laborers for the plantations be permanently settled, and, at the same time, the Territory will have gained a steady and reliable population." This is from "Hawaii Past and Present," by William Castle, Jr., and it is interesting as showing that a member of one of the ruling families is looking to the abolition of the camp.

That solution still envisages the wage-earner in the field. I believe that another solution some time will be urged—the break-up of the plantation, the acquiring of lots by homesteaders, and the production of sugar on a cooperative basis. A labor leader whom I have talked with speaks out for such a solution. And a man whose name places him among the half dozen families who have great proprietary rights in the islands has talked to me hopefully about it.

But the labor question in Hawaii is now taking on some of the mythology of a racial issue. The bulk of the work on the plantations—that is to say, the work that has meant the largest turnover for the islands—has been done by men and women of the Japanese race. They were brought into Hawaii in the eighties to take the place of

Chinese coolies, who had become unsatisfactory to the government and the plantation owners. The Japanese were worked unsparingly in the beginning; they have worked themselves unsparingly since. Will their children born on the islands be permitted to have votes and to enter the legislature? That is the great political issue in Hawaii now. And if they acquire political power—and their numbers entitle them to considerable political power—what effect will that have on labor in the plantations?

In the Driftway

FULTON FERRY has stopped running. To the Drifter it is almost as if a friend had died. That ferry has made history and poetry. It was a very Methuselah among American ferries; as early as 1642 boats ran regularly from what is now Peck's Slip, Manhattan, to what is now Fulton Street, Brooklyn. That was a year before the settlement of "Breuckelen" itself, and the colony about the ferry terminus was known simply as The Ferry. In its day Fulton Ferry was a fashionable passage, and before the fire of 1848 lower Fulton Street, Brooklyn, was lined with dignified buildings and shaded by fine old elm-trees, which made Talleyrand's exile in America a joy. Half a century after Talleyrand Fulton Ferry still bore a thousand listeners from Manhattan each Sunday, eager to hear Henry Ward Beecher preach.

* * * * *

IT was in those days that Walt Whitman learned to love Fulton Ferry:

My life was curiously identified with Fulton Ferry [he wrote], already becoming the greatest of its sort in the world, for general importance, volume, variety, and picturesqueness. Almost daily I crossed on the boats. . . . I have always had a passion for ferries; to me they afford inimitable, streaming, never-failing, living poems. The river and bay scenery, all about New York island, any time of a fine day—the hurrying, splashing sea-tides—the changing panorama of steamers, all sizes, often a string of big ones outward bound to distant parts—the myriads of white-sailed schooners, sloops, skiffs, and the marvelously beautiful yachts—the majestic Sound boats as they rounded the Battery and came along toward 5, afternoon, eastward bound—the prospect off toward Staten Island, or down the Narrows, or the other way up the Hudson—what refreshment of spirit such sights and experiences gave me!

On that ferry Whitman wrote:

Now I am curious what sight can ever be more stately and admirable to me than my mast-hemm'd Manhattan,
My river and sunset, and my scallop-edg'd waves of flood-tide,
The sea-gulls oscillating their bodies, the hay-boat in the twilight, and the belated lighter . . .

The ferry has ceased running! Whitman never dreamed of such a fate:

Others will enter the gates of the ferry and cross from shore to shore;
Others will watch the run of the flood-tide . . .
Others will see the islands large and small.
Fifty years hence, others will see them as they cross, the sun half an hour high;
A hundred years hence, or ever so many hundred years hence, others will see them,
Will enjoy the sunset, the pouring-in of the flood-tide, the falling-back to the sea of the ebb-tide.

THERE is still the bridge—though most who cross it ride on the "L" and bury their noses in newspapers. There are even new glories that Walt Whitman never knew—the fairy garden of skyscrapers when fog or night blots out the architect's lines and leaves a chaotic heaven of star-like windows, and the glorious aspirations of the topmost towers when the early morning sun catches them triumphantly piercing a low-hanging cloud. In the forties, when Walt Whitman rode the ferries, the bridge was beginning to live in imagination, but the Woolworth tower was still beyond fancy, and tunnels beneath the river had not been dreamed of. The ferry filled the stage. Today there are three downtown bridges and three tunnels, and more are under way; skyscrapers have been born and are taking ever new fantastic forms. Eighty years hence—will the bridges seem as archaic as the poor little ferry today? Will the tunnels be closed and air traffic seem as commonplace as the subaqueous route today?

* * * * *

WELL, the ferry is gone. The Drifter will miss it; he will seek consolation in the hope that the three doors on the Manhattan side may long continue to bear the cryptic inscriptions "Freight," "Passengers," and "Crabs."

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Still Eating

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Where is this pumpkin pie that your designers of the All-American dinner so glibly speak of? Where can it be found? Is it not non-existent, like the "million dollars" that small boys bet each other so blithely?

To the best of my knowledge and belief the last American pumpkin pie was baked toward the close of the nineteenth century by a stern old New England matron, who carried the secret of its composition and blending to the grave. Surely you do not believe that the chrome-yellow, glucosey disk they purvey in New York restaurants is an American pumpkin pie? For one thing it is usually not made out of the field pumpkin at all but of the so-called "sweet pumpkin," a hybrid of the true pumpkin and a squash; a monstrous, warty, insipid melon; the latest rape upon Mother Nature by the horticulturists.

Your true pumpkin pie was made from the common field pumpkin, those globes of gold whose fair, round bellies shone among the ripening corn. It was seasoned judiciously with but few spices; tinted with cloves and ginger and cinnamon; a comparatively simple affair. Like the chiseling of the sculptures on the frieze of the Parthenon, all that it required was a couple of centuries of study and eighteen or twenty years of practice. In appearance soothing, smooth, and mild; in taste an exquisite pleasure approaching pain, the bewildered palate not knowing whether to seize on the flavor of the pumpkin as distinguishing this true food of the gods, this Theobroma, or the saucy cloves, warm ginger, or aromatic cinnamon.

But it is gone! The pumpkin pie is gone! That confection that made the mouth gape like a wound is gone! Thus would Burke cry if, living today, he surveyed the state of culinary affairs in America.

Philadelphia, December 18

H. H. SMITH

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Our fathers were very religious. They had to fight each other, and they had to fight the Indians and the wild beasts. There was no medicine and few doctors. Their chances to live were fewer than their chances to die. So they had to

be prepared to die. To prepare them to die was the office of religion. Therefore, the country camp-meeting was an important part of their affairs. Each summer the old-time corn-fed circuit rider would hold protracted meetings under brush arbors. The old settlers would revive their religion and the new-comers would "get" religion. Everybody had to have religion. The preacher at these camp-meetings would preach practically all day. But during the noontime there would be a sort of recess and the ladies would spread white cloths and have dinner on the ground. These dinners were not trumped-up in a hurry. The women-folk had prepared for them since the last camp-meeting. Fried chicken, country-cured ham, and good biscuits were piled high, surrounded by all kinds of accessories, and to cap it off egg custards were hauled out of the grub-boxes. Gosh! I say "gosh" because those egg custards bring back pleasant memories and start my saliva glands to running. I looked forward to those dinners as one looks forward to Christmas or the Fourth of July. They were in fact annual feasts, and as a boy I would eat until I could hardly navigate for several hours afterwards. Being a child those gorges did me no permanent injury. The old folks, being lean, stood them admirably. The preachers thrived on them, for they worked hard.

But the period—the long, long period—of isolation is gone, and gone, and going, with it are the characteristics it produced. Today our manners and our food come to us, from the four corners of the earth, standardized and ready for use. All of our stomachs and all of our backs receive about the same blessings.

Dallas, Texas, December 28

D. W. KING

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Perhaps the dinner subject is rather worn out—but it impresses me that your correspondents have all forgotten to consider, in connection with their menus, what a dinner ought to be. That is, scientifically—or perhaps I should say chemically—speaking. Of course, most people don't think of dinners in that way, and they are inclined to look upon anyone who does as a queer type of cold-blooded ascetic that's trying to take the joy out of life. Yet it's a simple enough fact that there are certain other elements which the body must secure from food, and certain other elements which it cannot utilize in excess quantities. And when our traditional menus crowd the medicinal fruits and vegetables into the corner to make way for plentiful dishes of meats and devitalized sugar and starch products—well, our doctors are usually kept busy.

So here's another menu, and I think it will stand the test of a chemist's laboratory as well as of a healthy appetite:

Radishes, or ripe olives
Lettuce salad
Baked potatoes
Omelet
Creamed spinach
Chopped figs with cream
Sweet apple cider

Yankton, S. D., December 27

BEULAH CHAMBERLAIN

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Our country is too big for any one menu. Its various sections eat with characteristic differences. Also, our kitchens are melting-pots where, though recipes from the old countries have always been our mainstay, yet these in many cases have

... suffered a sea change
Into something rich and strange.

(Or if not "rich" most decidedly "strange," as when the apple pie of the parent country—deep below the rim and rising to a mountain height above it—was most regrettably flattened out by us into a thin tart, a form in which its own mother wouldn't know it.)

Yet, nevertheless, and notwithstanding, we have made you a menu, and further we have made you a commentary on that menu. It stands for the kind of dinner we would serve Mr.

Lloyd George if he were our guest, and it has in it several dishes that he would not be likely to get at an English or a French dinner, and which are acknowledgedly American dishes. This, we think, is what he wanted when he asked for an American dinner.

I		
Okra and Tomato Soup		
Salties		
Radishes		California Ripe Olives
II		
Planked Shad		
Parker House Rolls		
Sliced Cucumbers		Stuffed Celery
III		
Roast Vermont Turkey		Peanut Dressing
Cranberry Sauce		
Succotash		Franconia Potatoes
Pickled Watermelon Rind		Raspberry Jelly
Sweet Cider		Frozen Punch
IV		
Hearts of Lettuce		
Thousand Islands Dressing		
V		
Washington Pie		
Baked Alaska with Maple Sugar Sauce		
Concord Grapes		Florida Kumquats
Jonathan Apples		
Salted Pecans	Coffee	Wintergreen Candies

Three more courses could be added: a cocktail to open up with; a fritter to follow the fish course; a game course with or preceding the salad. Too elaborate, is it? Well, no, for we think it is only in keeping with our guest, and to be expected of any hostess who would entertain such a guest, and who would want to put her best foot first and make a good spurge, and let the Spread Eagle spread himself for all he was worth.

P. S.—We forgot to insert our accompaniment to the hearts of lettuce salad with the Thousand Islands dressing. Here it is: Wee triangular sandwiches of Boston brown bread filled with sage cheese. These are really very dainty; the bread is cut very thin, the filling is thin, they look attractive, and they taste good. Naturally, you would expect us to include our Boston specialty in any American menu.

JANET M. HILL AND MARY D. CHAMBERS,
Editors of *American Cookery Magazine*

Boston, December 31

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Frankly, our sympathies are with Oscar, because we do not believe there is an American dinner. American cookery is as cosmopolitan as its citizenship, and in our judgment it is little to be wondered at that Oscar found difficulty in making a single selection that would be typical in the one meal of all the wealth of American tradition. The New England dinner is to be sure an American dinner; but the Southern fried chicken is no less so. Moreover, in its own locality the one is an entire stranger to the other.

Perhaps, after all, Oscar was not so far wrong in offering to his English guest a dinner that was flavored by that contact with the Old World which America enjoys.

New York, December 27 MILDRED MADDOCKS BENTLEY,
Chairman, Advisory Board, Good Housekeeping Institute

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Aw, heck! Why continue all these epicurean essays on How to Overfeed Mr. Lloyd George in the face of a starving world? Why will we Americans insist on trying to "put on the dog" for a man who has seen more "dog" than we can produce? Novelty and nourishment will appeal to him more. Therefore, in behalf of the greatest State in the union, Texas, and in the name of some of its most virile citizens, I rise to suggest the typically American dinner of "sow belly and beans."

Delhi, California, December 14

E. L. PACKARD

YOU THINKERS OF THE NATION—

who are au courant with national and international issues, the latest trend in literature, arts and sciences, who read with avidity and understanding everything that inspires thought, discussion and progress, come to THE FORUM!

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Note the Contents for February

Than which there are none better in any magazine.

THE LITTLE FRENCH GIRL: Anne Douglas Sedgwick, the author of "Tante" and "Adrienne Toner," begins her new serial novel. It is a story which presents highly colorful pictures of life in semi-Bohemian France, in vivid contrast with the staid halcyons of life in rural England.

MY LIFE IN ART—some chapters from the life of Constantin Stanislavsky, Director of the Moscow Art Theatre. A truly remarkable account of the materializing of an ideal—the building up, from apparently nothing, of an organization which attains the pinnacle of success wherever it appears. This is the first instalment of a series.

THE FLY: Luigi Pirandello, author of "Seven Characters in Search of an Author"

HOW CAN PSYCHIC PHENOMENA BE EXPLAINED?

1. Fragments of Psychical Science, Walter Franklin Prince.

2. The Animus of Psychical Research, Joseph Jastrow.

Mysterious manifestations which never lose their fascination are debated by two philosophers who have devoted years to the investigation of the subject.

WHY EUROPE HAS NOT MADE PEACE: Guglielmo Ferrero.

One of the greatest living European historians makes some illuminating and caustic observations on the general bungling that has been indulged in by European statesmen.

And Many Other Features

THE FORUM

A Magazine of Discussion

Edited by Henry Goddard Leach

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Books

Musical Chronicles

My Musical Life. By Walter Damrosch. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$4.

Musical Chronicle: 1917-1923. By Paul Rosenfeld. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$3.

ACCORDING to Voltaire the secret of being a bore is to tell everything. Walter Damrosch, far from imparting boredom in "My Musical Life," leaves the reader in the plight of Oliver Twist, begging for more. Not a little of this volume is taken up with family matters, ancestry and childhood and sprightly memories of calf love ("The following year I fell madly in love with Madame Teresa Carreño. . . . I was sixteen and she was twenty-four, radiantly beautiful, brilliantly educated, and a remarkable linguist. . . . But my schoolboy adoration received a severe shock when, on the last day of our tour, a handsome and very robust Italian baritone, by the name of Tagliapietra, came to meet her and I found that she was madly in love with him. They were married a short time after"). These and kindred subjects would not need dwelling on in another volume, and Mr. Damrosch could continue without stint to gossip of his memories and recount illuminating anecdotes about musicians dead and living. For one suspects that in the present volume Mr. Damrosch makes only a small, though highly entertaining, draft on an inexhaustible store.

Several of the chapters in the book are valuable as contributions to the musical history of America. Still, it is the less official reminiscences that make the most engrossing reading. They run from James G. Blaine and Andrew Carnegie to Theodore Roosevelt and General Pershing; from Liszt, Wagner, and von Bülow to Saint-Saëns, d'Indy, Nadia Boulanger, and Fauré. Indeed, there are moments when the reader becomes positively dizzy before this unrelenting procession of the mighty. But Mr. Damrosch carries it all off most gallantly at a pleasantly allegro pace.

Quotation is inevitable. Take the story of Marianne Brandt, the Austrian contralto, calling for a registered letter at the New York post office. The clerk asked her for some identifying document. The lady had none with her, but she was Marianne Brandt of the Metropolitan Opera House and she wanted that letter! The clerk stood on the strictness of the rules.

By this time Brandt was in a state of high indignation. "You will not give me the letter? I will prove to you that I am Marianne Brandt!" And then she proceeded with full voice to sing the great cadenza from her principal aria in "Le Prophète." Her glorious voice echoed and reechoed through the vaulted corridors of the post office. Men came running from all sides to find out what had happened and finally the agitated official handed her the letter, saying, "Here is your letter, but for God's sake be quiet!"

There is a delectable glimpse of Lilli Lehmann and Lillian Nordica going out from a "Lohengrin" rehearsal into a terrific New York downpour.

Lilli saw Madame Nordica approach a coachman in livery who was waiting with opened umbrella to take her to her coupé. Lilli, clad in a long, gray rain-coat and old hat, turned to Nordica: "Ha, you ride? I walk!" she said, as she lifted her dress and showed a pair of great boots.

Mr. Damrosch adds:

Our performances of "Lohengrin" with this combination proved artistically very interesting. . . . Lehmann's Ortrude was truly demoniac, worthy to rank with that of Marianne Brandt's in its representation of concentrated hatred.

The chapter on Hans von Bülow is one of the richest and most vivid in the book. An engrossing chapter on Liszt and Wagner ends with an unexpected and enthusiastic appreciation of Liszt's

oratorio "Christus," of which Mr. Damrosch conducted the first complete performance in America.

Mr. Damrosch has one passage that is simply priceless on the hidden orchestra system, à la Bayreuth, versus the "prima donna conductor," he who through his gestures "dramatizes" the music:

By the skilful manipulation of his arms and hands, his hips and his hair, he gives the impression that when the 'cellos play a soulful melody it really drips from his wrists, and when the kettledrums play a dramatic roll it is really the result of a flash of his eye. There are many people, especially among the gentle sex, to whom admiration for one conductor entails a deep hatred of all others. It would be interesting to note how many of them could pick out their favorite if half a dozen of the prima donnas of the baton were to perform invisibly with an invisible orchestra in quick succession.

Two or three surprising inaccuracies have crept into the book. Of course Mr. Damrosch knows that 1861, not 1849, is the date of the historic introduction of "Tannhäuser" to Paris, but his idea that Bispham, not Mertens, was the Chillingworth in the first stage performance of his opera "The Scarlet Letter" might be set down to an unfulfilled-wish complex.

Mr. Damrosch devotes one chapter to "dead composers," meaning the composers that are dead for him. Bruckner, Mahler, Raff, and Rubinstein are conspicuous on his obituary list; he pronounces lifeless the "Anacreon" overture of Cherubini, the "Melusine" overture of Mendelssohn, and the "Sakuntala" overture of Goldmark. Well, each and every one of us is entitled to a private tonal cemetery. Mr. Rosenfeld in his "Musical Chronicle" has his, but regards Bruckner as very much alive, and though he chants the requiem of Mahler and Saint-Saëns he is an earnest apologist for the "Mona" of the late Professor Parker.

Mr. Rosenfeld denominates his book a "chronicle," but it deals far less with the actual experience of the concert-room and the opera house than with the musical bookshelves. Since his opinions are expressed with great positiveness and little nuance, his readers will have sport a plenty agreeing or disagreeing with him. I am personally grateful to him for his praise of Arnold Schönberg's orchestral transcription of two Bach choral preludes. These finely sensitive and skilful arrangements, shot through with moted sunbeams from the Leipzig cantor's Thomaskirche organ loft, found little favor in New York, seemingly because they present Bach as Bach, not as an overgrown teak-wood packing case.

PITTS SANBORN

The Vitalizing of Education

Sidney Ball: Memories and Impressions of "An Ideal Don."

Arranged by Oona Howard Ball. Oxford: Basil Blackwell. 10s. 6d.

The Story of a Great Schoolmaster. By H. G. Wells. The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.

"CAN these bones live?" was the text of one of the most famous of Newman's sermons from the pulpit of St. Mary's, Oxford. It was the possibility of a religious revival that concerned the great preacher, but the same question has been pertinently asked with respect to the national service rendered by the university as a place of higher education in general. Nothing short of a miracle, it has seemed to many, would avail to emancipate Oxford from deadening conservatism and bring her into vital contact with the progressive movements of the new time. How far she has traveled since Newman's day may be gauged from the fact that a few weeks ago the Master and Fellows of Balliol placed the college buildings at the disposal of the Drapers' Chamber of Trade of the United Kingdom for a summer school! The reforms which have so drastically transformed the older universities during the last few decades are due in the main to the influence of such men as Sidney Ball—a college don wholly unknown to the popular newspapers and

the general public, but with a personality that made a deep impression upon the academic world.

A strong Liberal with Socialist views, he was elected in 1882 to a fellowship and tutorship at St. John's, where the spirit of the place was ultra-Tory and an ecclesiastical tradition of High Church Jacobitism was zealously maintained. How his rare qualities of mind and character speedily disarmed opposition can be learned from the contributions made to this memoir by some of his colleagues. The active help he gave to the foundation of Toynbee Hall was one of the earliest indications of his desire—one might almost say his passion—for making the universities a force for social amelioration. "Languor," he once said, "can only be conquered by enthusiasm; and enthusiasm can only be kindled by two things—an ideal which takes the imagination by storm, and a definite intelligible plan for carrying out that ideal into practice." That belief was virtually the key-note of his own life. It found expression notably in the service he rendered to the Workers' Educational Association, the most fruitful of all the recent movements for the democratization of education in England.

But, however keen may be the interest of a college tutor in social problems outside, his first duty is to his own pupils. If anyone wishes to understand why Oxford men swear by their tutorial system, let him read and ponder this biography. After all, the main element of Sidney Ball's influence was his power as a teacher and inspirer of youth. Old pupils testify that he stimulated more than he directed or formed; that he did not mold hands so much as kindle them and bring them into living touch with the great thinkers; that he was a fountain of generous encouragement to younger men, always seeking, and always ready to welcome, any signs of promise; and that he had a ready responsiveness, which invited and deserved confidence.

The problem of modernizing an ancient institution without destroying its most characteristic and valuable features is no less difficult and insistent with regard to the old endowed schools of England than with regard to its universities. The composite biography of Sanderson of Oundle shows us with what courage, insight, and skill one headmaster of recent years set himself to solve it. He took hold of an obscure and dwindling school of fifteenth-century foundation and raised it to the front rank. In this respect his achievement suggests comparison with Thring's at Uppingham, and he resembled Thring also in the gusto with which he flung himself into every task, in his constant insistence upon more abundant life as the great desideratum, and even in the explosiveness of his temper. The school, he maintained, must be closely linked with community life, so that adult life should not be a breaking away from it but a continuation and development of it.

It was a maxim of Sanderson's that "a modern education does not consist in discarding Greek." He was no enemy of literature and the arts, as the importance he attached to the teaching of music clearly showed. At the same time, he emphasized the necessity for giving science a more effective place. He complained that, although science had come into the schools, the scientific spirit, outlook, and method had not touched the fringe of school life. School, he insisted, should be a place where a boy comes not to learn but to create, and it was the creative value of science that most appealed to him. He was, himself, experimenting all the time; he wanted his masters to be always experimenting in new directions; and he stimulated the same spirit of inquiry and initiative in the boys. Another of his notable traits was his love of spaciousness. "A school," he said, "should be 'a spacious garden' in which each boy has been set that he may 'dress it and keep it.'" When a school chapel was being planned, the building was to be lofty and spacious, with no fixed seats—a place not for the mind to sit down in but for the mind to move about in. He hated "wretched little books"; boys should have free access to sumptuous, "spacious" editions.

This biography might be advertised as a teachers' tonic.

HERBERT W. HORWILL

More China Broken

Lazy Laughter. By Woodward Boyd. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.

TO abjure that most perverse of critical vices, finding fault with a book for not being something it never was intended to be—as for instance berating Mr. Van Loon for not being Mr. Wells, and berating Mr. Wells for not being Mr. Gibbon—it is necessary to discover what the author does intend, a task more difficult in the present instance than would at first appear. For at first one says this is a story of laziness, too blithely told for offensive moralizing, hereditary laziness, aided and abetted by the possession of sufficient wealth to make activity unnecessary. But as the pages proceed without shedding any new light on the motivation of laziness, or on its manifestations, this easy conclusion appears questionable. We are not led to infer that Dagmar is unable to act because she is neurotic, or because of any twist in her nature traceable to a cause. She is simply a lively, saucy, piquant girl who rides and dances and criticizes the older generation and her own with sufficient fervor, but is too lazy to get up in the morning or to do any work requiring continuous application.

Yet laziness as a theme has various connotations that might have borne directly on Dagmar's story. The book reveals a healthy disdain for inaction, but it would seem to be of the unquestioning, naive variety, since it gives no hint of any possible work better worth doing than remaining idle, the implication apparently being that one should work for work's sake. Mere activity as such has little more in its favor than quiescence, a discovery that the sons and grandsons of self-made men are making, not without bitterness. Here is material for a drama of our generation, quite as absorbing as the older one having to do with man's development of a newly discovered continent. But the writer passes it by. Dagmar is a lazy girl and laziness is reprehensible, though charming and provocative of despair in the Marthas of an unequal world.

But if the book is not written with the malicious object of making people more energetic by contemplating the sad fate of this heroine who, very like her mother before her, is obliged at the end to marry a fifty-year-old man whom she doesn't love instead of a handsome blond boy whom she does, all because she is too lazy and too spoiled to be poor; if, in short, the book isn't written to point a moral, and isn't written to give us a picture of laziness, what is it all about?

It contains the usual sprightly exposé of the younger generation, but with Floyd Dell turning out his third painstaking monograph on the subject, with Scott Fitzgerald, C. Kay Scott, and numerous runners-up all active, the competition in that field has become so keen that the jaunty tossing off of half-a-dozen samples of the argot of the species no longer suffices to make a successful book. In "Lazy Laughter," in spite of every inclination to feel initiated, one is even a bit suspicious of the genuineness of some of the patter. When Dagmar says to the fifty-year-old admirer who sits next to her at a dinner given by one of St. Paul's Social Register hostesses: "I think he's an egg, don't you?" "Rather," said Will, smiling. Joe Brown, however, had caught the last part of the conversation. He beamed. "Egg? Oh, yes, egg. I think that's an awfully good expression. I always use it!"—even senile credulity balks.

This is a horrible example. There are much better specimens. As Dagmar of her mother: "A concert's awful on the poor thing's muscles. She's a nice woman and a good mother, but she will pose at concerts. I do it sometimes too. It keeps me from being bored thinking up different soulful expressions. Margaret does it all the time. She always has to have an extra-facial massage after a concert."

But a book of 295 pages relieved by some dozen high spots like this?

In short this book of and by the younger generation leans rather heavily on the lipstick and the rouge-pot. Some hundred

pages of sloppy, commonplace writing such as "Dagmar was not of the caliber which frets either openly or secretly because she is deserted for wealth. She had too much charm to ever be deserted completely," etc., are relieved by an occasional bit of red on the cheeks or mascara under the eyes. But to find that "the eraser rampant is the heraldic insignia of the younger generation" is insufficient compensation for the heavy passage work. Laughter is its own excuse for being, but it can't carry too heavy a load.

Miss Boyd has a talent for satire. She is a well-informed and saucy reporter on the younger generation, and is able to view her surroundings with some detachment. For the present she is still engaged in crowing over her toes and breaking over again those poor battered pieces of china which have been smashed so profitably times out of number during the last few years.

ALICE BEAL PARSONS

Don Juan

The Love-Rogue. Transmuted from the Spanish of Tirso de Molina by Harry Kemp. Charles and Albert Boni. \$1.75.

OFTEN there is a magic about words half understood that entirely disappears when their exact meaning and connotation are known. Especially is this true in reading in a foreign language, where although we grasp the common meaning of the individual words the strangeness inherent in sound and syntax throws over the whole a kind of poetic haze where none exists. Only thus can I explain the enthusiasm that Harry Kemp professes he felt in "transmuting" "El Burlador de Sevilla y Convidado de Piedra" (The Deceiver of Seville and the Stone Guest), the seventeenth-century Spanish play from which, directly or indirectly, springs the vast Don Juan literature.

This play, usually ascribed to Tirso de Molina, is certainly not great in the sense that Harry Kemp believes it to be. "As I read on and on," he tells us, "the greatness of the work dazzled me. . . . Its dialogue was at times as succinct and rapid as Euripides at his best" and the long speeches and soliloquies were buoyed up by a "rushing flame of poetry." If Tirso's play deserves the attention of posterity, it is rather because of the creation and depiction of the character of Don Juan. In poetic expression it falls far short of most of Tirso's work and the best productions of his contemporaries. Mr. Kemp, however, contrives to find in its prosaic language and the poetic clichés common to Spanish literature of the time, a "running fire that sparkles and lives beneath the flow of verse and line." In justice to Tirso, however, it should be stated that the play has come down to us only in a very imperfect text, which undoubtedly suffered mutilation after leaving the dramatist's hands.

Mr. Kemp tells us that his method of translation is that of Fitzgerald in his rendering of the Rubaiyat, a free carrying over into English of the aroma and richness of the original. In all fairness it should be said that Mr. Kemp has succeeded in doing this in so far as his original allowed him. He has even added some lines of his own making, most of them not out of keeping with the spirit of the Spanish play. A totally incompatible addition is, however, Don Diego's remark when Don Juan's deceptions become known, that his son "knows no honor." For if the modern reader is to find the character of that Spanish Don Juan at all convincing, it can only be by understanding the peculiar ideas of morality and honor held in Spain at that time. Judged by them Don Juan was the arch-deceiver of women, immoral certainly, but not dishonorable. Dishonor for the Spaniard of those days could come only from the failure to avenge a wrong done to him or to a woman of his immediate family, and Don Juan was never in such a predicament. His betrayal of the daughters and sweethearts of other men brought no stain upon his own reputation. Indeed, in accepting, not without mockery and bravado, the fatal challenge of his enemy Don

Gonzalo, returned from the other world, he kept his honor unsullied until the very end of his wild career, though he lost his life and soul. However hard we may find it to stomach this Don Juan today, the conception of his character was consistent with the age and race that produced it.

W. L. FICHTER

What Do We Want?

A Theory of Consumption. By Hazel Kyrk. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$2.50.

WHY do we want what we do want? Miss Hazel Kyrk has written a 300-page Hart Schaffner and Marx book to tell us, and probably she has succeeded about as well as anyone can in the present rudimentary stage of social psychology. She concludes, unflatteringly enough, that most of our choices are quite unreflectingly determined by standards of living foisted on us mostly by social inheritance. By the time a man is old enough to be free to buy what he wants, his tastes are largely formed, and thenceforward he simply helps tyrannize over the oncoming generation. So we go forward, formally free to choose, actually subject forever to a social control subtly exercised through our individual choices. It is certainly a discouraging world for an independent man, and the worst of it is that it's true. Give an ordinary person a larger income, and the only thing he can think of to do with it is to incorporate into his standard the expenditures of his pecuniary betters. Some of us concluded a long while ago that the worst thing about gross inequality in distribution of wealth is the wholly factitious and undeserved importance it gives the rich in helping determine what the rest of the community shall spend their money for. Miss Kyrk comes near proving it.

But if we are all tied to existing standards of living, like horses to hitching posts, standards of living, unlike hitching posts, themselves move, happily or unhappily. Miss Kyrk doubts whether the producer bosses us in this respect quite as much as we like to assume in our moments of indignation, and she even has the temerity to suggest that he is interested in stability rather than instability of styles. However, "behind all the incentives to change and expansion of the mode of living inherent in the individual and the social organization, there is the pressure of the deliberate organized effort of profit-seeking producers. They augment and accelerate, if they do not initiate and govern, changes in standards." Odd that we think it safe to let any genius who cares to do so make us want Gorton's codfish or Gillette safety razors or Wrigley's spearmint gum. It's an odd world anyway in its irrationality, and Miss Kyrk's book will only help rob the reader of any sneaking suspicion he may have harbored of rationality in his own choices or in social choices—in a world of war and politics, and of love and sunshine.

HENRY RAYMOND MUSSEY

Three English Critics

Some Authors. A Collection of Literary Essays, 1896-1916.

By Walter Raleigh. Oxford University Press. \$5.

The Continuity of Letters. By John Bailey. Oxford University Press. \$4.20.

George Gissing. A Critical Study. By Frank Swinnerton. George H. Doran Company. \$2.

R. L. Stevenson. A Critical Study. By Frank Swinnerton. George H. Doran Company. \$2.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH'S posthumous volume gathers up the best of the critical work which for one reason or another was never included in any volume while he lived. If he had been the editor, he doubtless would have found a few commonplaces or statements of irrelevant fact to remove; but the essays in general stand by themselves, and admirably round out a body of critical writing which included books on Milton,

Shakespeare, Wordsworth, Johnson, and Stevenson, and which without doubt belonged with the richest modern writing of its kind.

Sir Walter was a professor at Oxford, but he had very little patience with professors. "One misfortune which attends the growth of universities," he says in his essay on Boccaccio, "is that learned debates and investigations on the incidents of the life of a great man are carried on by trained bores, whom no one would dream of trusting to give judgment on any incident in the life of any one who is still alive." And later on he dismisses the awful academic concern with "sources" as superfluous in view of the fact that Boccaccio himself did not know the origins of his stories. "He picked them up where he found them—the greater part, perhaps, in conversation. A man who buys wares and trinkets from a traveling peddler does not generally concern himself much with the trade routes of Europe." Sir Walter was sensible, direct, and imaginative, and he had the experience of life and literature which makes it possible to drive straight into the center of a great author. His account of Boccaccio is perhaps the finest thing in the present volume, though Cervantes fares almost as well. The deeper layers of irony in "Don Quixote" are carefully uncovered, and an understanding of the Don himself is reached which makes it clear how the reader's love for him complicates that irony. The essay on Sir Thomas Hoby is well known to those who have used the translation of Castiglione to which it was an introduction. It is ripe with lore of the Renaissance, and richly expressive of the ideal of many-sidedness which Sir Walter cherished. Sir John Harington, Dryden, and the first Marquis of Halifax are handled with characteristic discernment, and there is a most informing study of the seventeenth-century battle between the ancients and the moderns. The essays on Burns, Blake, Shelley, Arnold, Whistler, and Burke are slighter, but all of them contribute toward the self-revelation of a scholar who, while subscribing to the oldest and most respectable of literary traditions, never lost himself in generalities and always had something shrewd to say.

Mr. Bailey has less to say. He evidently aspires to the company of Saintsbury, Raleigh, and Ker, and if enthusiasm or wide reading alone sufficed he would be there. But he tries to cruise with too slack a sail along the shores of the world's literature, and he seldom arrives definitely in any port. His vast commonplaces settle fewer questions than at first they seem to settle. Of what value, for instance, is the conclusion that poetry should be compounded of both life and art—not too much or too little of either? How can the Grand Style be defined by one who relies loosely upon the adjectives large, serious, and noble? What does sanity mean, and centrality, and universality, and immortality? Mr. Bailey never quite tells.

Mr. Swinnerton's studies of Gissing and Stevenson are reprinted with a few changes from the original issues of 1912 and 1914. They were called astringent then, and they are astringent now, but fewer now will call them unjust. They are the farthest possible in temper from the more leisurely, genial essays of Raleigh and Bailey. For one thing, they deal with contemporary authors about whose figures no irremovable deposit of sentiment and idea has accumulated. For another thing, they are the work not so much of a professional critic as of an artist concerned intensely and practically with the rules of his art. Mr. Swinnerton is a writer of fiction, and he has very brusquely sat down to see how capable his subjects were as writers of fiction. He has not cared in the least to make allowances for Gissing's poverty or for Stevenson's ill health; for his purposes Grub Street and R. L. S. do not exist. The result is harsh but refreshing. Gissing is found to be the author of half a dozen almost first-rate novels, and Stevenson is reduced to his style—such as it is—and a handful of perfect short stories. Contemporary English criticism can profitably emulate this terseness, and it will do well to attain this accuracy.

MARK VAN DOREN

Books in Brief

Problems of Modern Science. Edited by Arthur Dendy. Henry Holt and Company. \$3.50.

This attractive volume consists of a series of eight public lectures delivered at King's College, London, by officers of that institution. For the most part these lectures present well-written, interesting, and up-to-date statements of the problems in process of solution in various scientific fields. Unfortunately, however, the treatment is not uniform, and in three of the fields, namely, organic chemistry, biology, and botany, the accounts given seem inadequate and somewhat out of tone with the rest of the book. This is unexpected, for from the material available one would expect to find these fields among the most interesting. Thus, in the chapter on biology, where many of the most vital and interesting problems lie close at hand, Mr. Dendy gives what really amounts to a rather uninspired classification of the various biological sciences. Perhaps Mr. Halliburton's chapter on physiology appeals most strongly.

The Complete Poems of Robert Louis Stevenson. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$4.

Contains over two hundred new poems, most of which are occasional and scarcely worth reviving except for the sake of completeness.

Anthology of Magazine Verse for 1923 and Yearbook of American Poetry. Edited by William Stanley Braithwaite. B. J. Brimmer Company. \$2.

The latest volume in Mr. Braithwaite's famous and invaluable series. The introduction this time is pessimistic, for although the editor has seen many good poets born during the past year he has seen no great ones; and among those who were great already he is alarmed to note a tendency to waste creative energy on other things than poetry—on fiction, criticism, anthologies, and biography. Is the new poetry, then, so early old?

Memoirs of the Harvard Dead in the War Against Germany. By M. C. Howe and others. Volumes I-IV. Harvard University Press. Vol I, \$3; Vols. II-IV, \$4.

Perhaps nowhere in America was there more genuine passion for the war as a holy crusade than at Harvard. These boys went out as eager volunteers, gallant, adventuresome, courageous. Their stories, told in their own letters and journals and in the reminiscences of their comrades-in-arms, form an authentic chapter, one of the noblest and, in the light of post-war events, one of the most pathetic in the whole history of the war. These were fervid and sensitive spirits who found in battle an ultimate test and realization which civil life had failed to give them. There are relatively few doughboys among them—most of them naturally took their places as officers (with a proud sense of noblesse oblige that made them beloved of their men)—and if they felt it they omitted from their letters the overwhelming monotony and dirt which to Barbusse and Dos Passos were symbols of trench life. Nor is there in their letters more than a rare hint of any realization of the futility of their sacrifice. They died, like so many Americans, still incurable romantics. Romantic hope, after all, is the power of America, and these memoirs record more than the loss of lovable boys; they bare the enormous waste of a generation given no better way to spend its generous energy.

Drama

Amid Shadows

THE PROVINCETOWN PLAYHOUSE reopened the other night with Strindberg's "The Spook Sonata." The program leaflet contained brief essays by Mr. Eugene O'Neill, Mr.

Robert Edmond Jones, and Mr. Kenneth Macgowan, all very interesting and subtly intelligent and well-written and all saying that the imitation of nature in art was crude and *vieux jeu* and that the new drama, the expressionist drama which derives through Wedekind from the plays of Strindberg's last period, is the only kind of drama which can, so to speak, get under the flesh and bone of life and show the forces by which this human and this cosmic show is run. It may be so. And it is doubtless true that naturalism, having been brought to a point of marvelous perfection by Strindberg and Hauptmann, must yield—in the swing and sway of mood—to some immediately fresher form of projecting action and meaning on the stage. But what our expressionist friends always forget is that the imitation of nature is one of the permanent moods of literature, that it is not outworn because "A Doll's House" seems a little stale to them, and that the "fat-facts," in Mr. O'Neill's contemptuous phrase, radiate significance in Homer and Goethe and Fielding as well as in Ibsen and Hauptmann.

Having taken this theoretical exception I welcome the new Provincetown group. The production of "The Spook Sonata" was extraordinarily sensitive. Nothing in it was more interesting than the use of Mr. James Light's masks for certain of the characters. One accepted these without question; they made for both the remoteness and ghostly intimacy which are the strangely blended notes of these latest "chamber-plays" of Strindberg. And Mr. Walter Abel, Mr. Stanley Howlett, Miss Helen Freeman, and, especially, Miss Clare Eames all, in their several ways, tugged at one's nerves if not at one's heart with the blind pain of their lives. . . .

The blind pain. . . . That is what is rendered here. That is why, with an enormous admiration for Strindberg, the whole Strindberg, I am comparatively unimpressed by "The Spook Sonata." It is not very profound; it is only opaque. And it is opaque because Strindberg never, for a moment, freed himself from the seven veils of illusion. As a naturalist he is great; his facts speak out beyond his vision. Here he seems to seek vision. But his eyes are neither on the earth nor on the horizon. They are still fixed on the old, old wounds in his nerves.

I do not, Heaven forbid, ask for silver linings. I ask for transcendence. It may be of the sternest kind; it may be of the kind expressed in Bertrand Russell's "A Free Man's Worship." But to me, at least, the synthetic or symbolic treatment of life in art has, from the nature of things, no inner reasonableness, unless there is a transcendence. There is none in "The Dance of Death." There need not be. All that is perishable is an intelligible symbol. In "The Spook Sonata" we are robbed of our own interpretative function. Nothing remains but a rendering, in dark, confused, muffled tones, of the pain and wretchedness and hatred of the dance of death gone quite blind and cold and stale.

Fresher and more interesting is "The Race with the Shadow" by Wilhelm von Scholz, which the Theater Guild presents in special afternoon performances for its subscribers only. Scholz belongs to a small group of German playwrights, of whom Moritz Heimann is the chief, that rebelled against both Hauptmann and Wedekind and attempted a kind of psychological neo-classicism. "The Race with the Shadow" explores the secrets of the creative imagination, rather, perhaps, of creative intuition. Without words Dr. Martin has drawn from his wife the necessary history of her past. He embodies it, with naive creative instinctiveness, in a novel. The progress of this novel catches in the snares of the creative imagination the wife and the man who comes out of her past. The play, though difficult, is full of profound perceptions, reachings out into the unexplored country of the soul, new relationships and new shadings. Mr. Arnold Daly and Miss Helen Westley gave very adequate performances. Mr. Ben Ami was vocally heavy, almost melodramatic. This admirable artist needs passion as his theme. He is a stranger among shadows.

LUDWIG LEWISOHN

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International Relations Section

British Labor and the British Labor Government

WITH the completion of its first Cabinet, the debate that has been stirring the forces of British Labor since December has acquired a new edge: What will, what should the first Labor Government do with its power? Labor's answers to this question, as reflected in its journals, reveal what wide differences of aim and outlook separate one group from the other within the labor fold. In its general support of the new Government, labor from the Communist Party to the Social-Democratic Federation is a unit; in its advocacy of governmental program labor is sharply split. While recognizing generally the difficulties confronting the new Government, opinion on this latter point tends to fall into one of three categories: official (reflecting the aims of the dominant group in the Labor Party), opposition, and trade union. The following extracts from current British labor journals illustrate respectively each of these three types. The *Labor Magazine*, official organ of the Trade Union Congress and the Labor Party, expresses its attitude to the task at hand as follows:

We remain unconvinced of the sincerity of those who opposed a Labor government on the ground that it will be a minority government, but who would welcome either a Tory or Liberal government on the same basis. Political power does not rest solely upon party numerical strength. The quality and merits of government measures are a vital factor, and if the Labor Party sets itself to deal faithfully, wisely, and prudently with the pressing problems of unemployment, the international situation, housing, industry, education, and finance the strength of their position will not be accurately measured by voting power. This can only be the case if Liberals and Tories refuse to deal with Labor proposals on their merits and decide their parliamentary attitude in a narrow partisan spirit. If this were done, we believe the country would, in due course, express its indignation in a very emphatic manner. . . .

Premier Ramsay MacDonald has insisted from the outset that the task of the new Government will be more a political than an administrative one. In his election message he sounded the major note upon which he has played ever since:

The task of the Labor Party is to move in such a way as to consolidate political issues in two camps divided on principle (i.e., to eliminate the Liberal Party from British political life).

It is significant that in a signed editorial in the *New Leader*, weekly organ of the Independent Labor Party, of which Mr. MacDonald is the leader, Mr. H. N. Brailsford expressed the same view:

We must limit our outlook to a period of two or three months. . . . The danger before us leaps out from some of the extensive programs which have already appeared in Labor speeches and in print. If we set our hopes on a big agenda, if we talk even of six or eight months of office, then inevitably we shall drift into the fatal attitude of buying it on the only possible terms—by arrangement with the Liberals, which would obscure our Socialist policy, compromise our independence, and make us in the end mere caretakers of a capitalist and imperialist system. . . .

The actual issues considered by the supporters of the

dominant group within the new Government emphasize unemployment relief through guaranties and some loans, the "recognition of Russia within twenty-four hours of our assumption of office," tax reforms, "parliamentary procedure" and electoral reform, and a new foreign policy.

THE LABOR OPPOSITION

To the opposition groups a desirable program for the new Government is very different. The position of the *Communist Review* reflects more or less faithfully that of this entire bloc within the ranks:

The idea of conquering capitalism by a policy of "gradualism" is one of the fundamental errors of MacDonaldism. . . . The advent of a Labor Government, even of a liberal type, would, nevertheless, be a matter of tremendous importance in world politics. For one thing, it would help to spread confusion in the camp of the swash-buckling reactionaries now rampant in Middle Europe. This, in turn, may open a period of democratic pacifism which would have an effect upon such large masses of the working class, instinctively yearning for peace, as to postpone any revolutionary action for a decade. . . . A Labor Government, therefore, in Great Britain might conceivably give rise to that era of "Wilsonism" predicted by Comrade Trotzky at the Fourth Congress of the Communist International. That is a prospect to which we Communists cannot shut our eyes and ignore.

But for the Labor Party as a whole such a prospect presents a dilemma. Is it the business of the party to restore and preserve the economic balance of Europe in favor of capitalism? Or should it work to neutralize and paralyze, if need be, the baneful system of exploitation which has brought ruin and starvation to millions of the world's workers? On this point we have already two clearly marked tendencies before us. Officially, we may reasonably assume MacDonald, Webb, and the other Fabian leaders of the party will strike the road of "Wilsonism." In the opposition camp of the party we have Wheatley, Maxton, Johnston, etc., already committed to the policy of a fight to the finish with capitalism. Wheatley is right when he says to those who show concern at the present political stalemate and the importance of carrying on the King's Government, "We do not see the necessity."

. . . By all means, then . . . let it [the Labor Government] declare for a radical policy on unemployment, such as will establish the principle of work or guaranteed adequate maintenance, while aiming at cutting out the demoralizing anomalies in relief schemes and insurance acts. In this connection, political recognition of Soviet Russia with extended credits must be an essential part of any policy to tackle unemployment. There is also the principle of nationalization of the mines with a guaranteed minimum wage to meet the overdue claims of the miners, which are again being brought to the front. With such elementary and pressing home demands backed up by the policy of an all-international conference, including Russia and Germany, the Labor Party can give such strength and stimulus to the whole working-class movement as would sustain it in the challenge sure to come from both Liberals and Tories.

We insist, therefore, that the Labor Party will neither succumb to the bourgeois fetish of the two-party system, nor be deflected from a bold course by the sudden campaigns for reform in the electoral machinery. The demands of the working class are too serious to be postponed by playing at being "His Majesty's Opposition" or "His Majesty's Government. . . ."

The *Worker*, official organ of the British Bureau of the Red International of Labor Unions, and the *Labor Monthly* give voice both to warnings and to program suggestions very similar in underlying thought and aim. An outstanding characteristic of the opposition is the support it asks for the new Government in spite of differences. The *Labor Monthly* puts it as follows:

The first need for all of us at the present moment, whatever our differences, whatever our criticisms and distrust, is to unite in support of a workers' government and its supremacy first and foremost, and to exert all our forces one and all to fight on its behalf foursquare against the whole capitalist world.

The Communist Party had no candidates running against Labor Party candidates. In its election plea the *Communist Review* said:

We must close up the ranks of all the working-class organizations in a single united front against all the representatives of capitalism. . . . The Communist Party, while putting forward its own candidates and program, urges forward at this election the return of a Labor Government.

The *Worker*, too, is asking from the Government the creation of "a united front of labor" in politics and industry.

TRADE UNION OPINION

Most of the trade union journals grant the new Government their full trust and faith. Some, however, insist upon the separateness of trade-union activity. In view of the recent railway strike and the threatening miners' strike this latter attitude may lead to significant developments. The *Electrical Trades Journal*, official organ of the Electrical Trades Union, voices the trust typical of the majority of unions:

We believe that, notwithstanding the difficult circumstances under which the Labor Government will take office, they will be able to effect a real improvement in the economic and social conditions of the people.

The *Record*, official organ of the Transport and General Workers Union, ends its discussion of "Fit to Govern—and Ready" with a warning:

It appears obvious that at no distant date—in fact, in a few months—there must be another appeal to the country. That will be the true testing time. It behooves us to be prepared. . . . Funds for the next fight must be collected now. Machinery must be perfected.

The *Railway Review*, official organ of the National Union of Railwaymen, which was "neutral" in the recent strike, reprints a New Year's Message from Mr. C. T. Cramp, union leader of the striking enginemen and firemen, in which he says:

Even a Labor Government can only deal with national and international affairs at present and it must be left to trades unions to deal with the actual conditions of labor.

On the other hand, the *Labor Magazine* appeals for the political phase of the movement to the miners whose present balloting on the termination of the current agreement may precipitate a strike:

We are sure that the miners will not embarrass the first Labor Government by pressing untimely demands.

[The above is the first of several summaries of the opinion on various important questions of British and European labor and its organs.]

Economic Revival in Russia

1. THE LOW POINT OF 1920

INTERNATIONAL war, revolution, civil war, invasion, the blockade, and the famine combined to disorganize Russian economic life so completely that in 1919-1920 the total output of big industry had fallen to 511 million gold rubles, or 14.6 per cent of the pre-war figure. This proved to be the low point in Russian production. The three subsequent years show a steady improvement:

	Production in millions of gold rubles	Per cent of pre-war
1920-21.....	527	15.1
1921-22.....	754	21.3
1922-23.....	1,127	32.0

(*Russian Information and Review*, December 1, 1923, p. 346.)

The gain of each succeeding year has been greater than its predecessor. Thus the improvement has been progressive.

2. THE REVIVAL IS GENERAL

The improvement in production is not confined to any particular economic group, although it varies considerably from one group to another. In all groups, however, the progress made within the past year may be seen from this summary of the productivity of state industry for the year ended September 30, 1923:

Industry	Output	Per cent of 1913	Per cent of 1921-22
I. Fuel—			
Coal (mil. tons).....	10.3	37	114
Oil (mil. tons).....	5.1	55	114
II. Metal—			
Cast iron (mil. tons) .	.3	7	176
Steel (mil. tons).....	.6	14	186
III. Electrical goods—			
(mil. rubles).....	26	61	174
IV. Textile—			
Cotton thread (thous. poods)	71	27	140
Wool (thous. poods) ..	14	36	137
Flax (thous. poods) ..	28	83	174
V. Chemicals (thous. poods)	205	45	152
VI. Leather—			
Hides (mil. pieces)...	5.4	33	132
Footwear (mil. prs.) .	3	6	103
VII. Glass (thous. tons)....	61	34	246
VIII. Paper (thous. poods)...	63	43	230

(The same reference.)

These figures show that within the past year the fuel industry has improved about 14 per cent; that the steel industry has advanced about 75 per cent; and that other important industries show corresponding gains. Metal mining, though far below pre-war levels, has doubled since 1921-1922.

3. RUSSIAN CURRENCY AT PAR WITH STERLING

The debacle of the ruble made any form of foreign trade difficult or impossible. About a year ago the Russian Government established a form of currency based on a gold reserve in the Russian State Bank equal to 25 per cent of the note issue. These new notes, called "chervonetz," after a pre-war ten ruble piece, stood, on December 1, 1923, at 26.9 million chervonetz, making the proportion of gold reserve to note issue 33 per cent.

On November 25, 1923, the chervonetz was quoted in

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London at 21s. 1d., which is the equivalent of ten pre-war rubles. On this basis, British and Russian business is being carried on with the two currencies at par.

The report of the State Bank Note account for December 1 shows gold coin and bullion of 8.7 million chervonetz. (*Russian Information and Review*, December 15, 1923, p. 377.)

This financial rehabilitation of Russia is probably the most important economic achievement of the past year. It has stabilized both internal and external trade relations.

4. THE RUSSIAN BUDGET FOR 1924

A budget department has been created in the People's Commissariat for Finance, and the state budget for the new year has been issued. The estimated sources of revenue include 28.8 million chervonetz from the agricultural tax, 4.5 millions from the industrial tax, and 4 millions from the income and property tax, making a total of 37.3 million chervonetz from direct taxation. Indirect taxes are counted on for 26.4 millions; income from state properties is placed at 6.4 millions; the railways, posts, and telegraphs are expected to yield 65 millions, making, with some miscellaneous items, a total of 140 millions. In addition, credit operations are relied on to yield 25 millions.

Heavy reductions have been made in the expense account of many of the departments. The one exception is the Commissariat for Education, which carries an increase of 15 per cent.

Although the Russian budget does not balance, it comes closer to it than that of any of the other great budgets, except that of Britain. The real test of the economic rehabilitation of Russia lies, not so much in its budget or in its finances as in its mining, farming, transport, and manufacturing industries. In some of these directions, at least, the past year reports quite a phenomenal improvement.

Back in the Fold

AN advertisement published in the *Economic Review* (a London business paper) for December 15, 1923, reads as follows:

State Bank of the Russian Federated Soviet Republic
Created by Decree of the Soviet
Government of October 12, 1921.

Chervonetz
Capital 5,000,000
Total amount of notes issued on Dec. 1, 1923. 26,776,000
Gold Reserve of Issue Department. 8,741,240
Note: 1 chervonetz is equal to ten gold rubles.

Head office:

Neglinni Proezd, 12, Moscow

The bank is represented by over 200 branches and agencies in all the principal towns of European and Asiatic Russia; the bank accepts deposits and opens current accounts in foreign gold and Russian currency; remittances to all parts of European and Asiatic Russia, payable both in Russian and foreign currency, effected; documentary credits opened; bills discounted; documents payable in Russia collected; banking business of every description transacted.

London Agents:

Lloyds Bank Limited
Barclays Bank Limited
Westminster Bank Limited
J. Henry Schroder & Co.
Arcos Banking Corporation, Ltd.

Thus completes the advertisement, with the exception of one phrase. Here is the Russian Soviet Government, advertising a full fledged banking business in the heart of the London financial district, having as its agents some of the strongest and best established of British banks, and having, in addition to the five already listed, "Guarantee Trust Company of New York, 32 Lombard St.,"—the London Branch of one of the most powerfully connected of all American banking institutions.

German Note Circulation

OFFICIAL records of the Imperial Bank of Germany of its "notes in circulation" at intervals from January 6 to November 30, 1923, together with the value in United States dollars and number of marks equaling one dollar, at the current rates of exchange for the respective dates, give the following startling picture:

	Marks Note Circulation ¹	Number of marks equaling one U. S. dollar ²	Equivalent of note circulation in U. S. dollars ³
Jan. 6.....	1,336,500,000,000	8,695	\$153,697,500
Feb. 7.....	2,253,963,000,000	36,363	61,983,980
Mar. 7.....	3,871,256,000,000	20,619	187,755,910
Apr. 7.....	5,624,110,000,000	21,052	267,145,225
May 7.....	6,723,070,000,000	36,764	183,203,657
June 7.....	9,309,532,000,000	76,923	121,023,916
July 7.....	20,241,750,000,000	222,222	91,087,875
Aug. 7.....	62,326,659,000,000	3,125,000	19,944,530
Aug. 15.....	116,402,515,000,000	2,777,778	41,904,905
Aug. 23.....	273,906,373,000,000	4,347,826	62,998,465
Aug. 31.....	663,200,060,000,000	9,523,809	69,636,000
Sept. 7.....	1,182,039,000,000,000	33,333,333	35,461,170
Sept. 15.....	3,183,681,000,000,000	105,263,157	30,244,969
Sept. 22.....	8,627,730,000,000,000	172,413,793	50,040,834
Sept. 29.....	28,228,815,000,000,000	204,081,630	138,321,193
Oct. 6.....	46,933,600,000,000,000	909,090,909	51,626,960
Oct. 15.....	123,349,786,603,000,000	4,000,000,000	30,837,446
Oct. 22.....	524,330,557,246,000,000	44,444,444,444	11,797,437
Oct. 31.....	2,496,822,908,936,000,000	166,666,666,667	14,980,937
Nov. 7.....	19,153,087,468,804,000,000	2,500,000,000,000	7,661,234
Nov. 15.....	92,844,720,742,927,000,000	4,000,000,000,000	23,211,180
Nov. 23.....	223,927,315,083,796,000,000	5,000,000,000,000	44,785,463
Nov. 30.....	400,267,640,291,750,000,000	6,666,666,666,667	60,040,146

¹ From official reports of the Imperial Bank of Germany.

² At current rates of exchange at the dates named.

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